WHAT TRUMAN ISN'T TELLING LABOR

by the Editors

NEW MASSES

January 15, 1946 15¢ In Canada 20¢

WHY YOU CAN'T GET A HOUSE

by VIRGINIA GARDNER

WE WAITED IN MANILA, TOO

by Lawrence Emery

HENRY JAMES PLUS A FEW OTHER MATTERS

by Isidor Schneider

FRANK FAY'S FASCIST FRIENDS

by Joseph Foster

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

ON THE night of January 14 those who walk up the long stairs to the dining room of the Commodore, and find their way to the table that matches their cards, will just be beginning the second of NEW MASSES' cultural awards events. But for NEW MASSES proper that evening has been under way for quite some time. Only those who have had loaded on their own shoulders the job of preparing what seems a short enough four-hours-full know what distillations of time and energy go into the final draught. But even from the sidelines of the various editorial cubbyholes one hears enough of the sound of the machinery behind the doors labelled "Promotion" and "Business Office" to catch the reverberations of the climaxes and disappointments that are the rhythm of organization. The griefs are little and big. The triumphs too. Flu, fatigue, contracts, the most contrary and perverse whims of fate constantly alter the shape of the beautiful ideal which was laid out so neatly at the first conference. That wonderful Mrs. H. who organized three tables for you last time has gone to Miami (it's slush and sleet outside). But there was a note this morning from New Jersey saying that since this was the kind of dinner it was—honoring Negroes and whites for what they were doing to wipe out America's greatest shame—would you please reserve her twenty-five places? The golden voice that was to sing some of America's greatest songs would be keeping another crowd attentive and silent. But the last bow knots were firmly tied on the scene from the Broadway play.

The fingers dial the number and there is talk and the phone is hung up and the fingers dial again and the bells ring and little conferences are held. It's not the quietest thing in the world, getting up a dinner. But this is what is now buzzing around NEW MASSES halls to make the thing itself worthy of the achievements and future tasks for which the dinner was created in the first place.

It is a critical day on which NEW MASSES' dinner falls this year, January 14. It is the day on which a Congress reconvenes which will face extraordinary tasks and take some extraordinary pushing. And one of the issues that will decide what kind of an America we are going to have will be the establishment of a permanent FEPC. It is the day before the UE goes out on strike. Two days before the Packinghouse Workers strike. It is on the day set for Steel. GM is out. And many more Negroes than whites have already lost their jobs as the sitdown strike of big business arrogantly continues to defy logic, decency and humanity. So among the many individual battles that will have to be won, in the funny ways of politics, NM's dinner is included. We find ourselves remembering often the words of the Red Queen to Alice when they were in the first square through the Looking Glass, "It takes all the running you can do to keep in the same place." And this when, like Alice, we all want to get to be queens some day.

We are ourselves looking forward to our own big do of the fourteenth. We've read the ads (see back cover) enough to have an idea of the main events, but occasionally there are notes that have not yet reached the press releases. Such a note was the news that Howard da Silva, currently in the limelight as the narrator of *Lost Weekend*, the critics' prize movie, had offered to narrate the script, and the promise by Eslanda Robeson that she would speak.

So the work goes on, and if you haven't yet sent in your reservation for NM's dinner, check your calendar and check your friends and write us a you-know-what to settle that table of ten, or half table of five, or the two places for yourself and the wife by filling in the coupon on the back page.

And while discussing our own affair we look forward to the Schomburg Honor Roll in Race Relations, given each year to Negroes and white persons. The Schomburg collection of Negro Literature of the 135th Street Library has consistently done a splendid job in highlighting this crucial aspect of our public life.

AMONG our contributors: Readers will welcome back former Staff Sergeant, now civilian Lawrence Emery, whom they will remember for his beautiful sketches, "In the White Whale's Domain" and "Diary of a Soldier." Adam Clayton Powell, Jr. is Representative of the twenty-second Congressional district in Manhattan. Derek Kartun is the Paris correspondent of the London *Daily Worker*. "The Gallant Ship" by Howard Fast is second of a series on his trip to India. An answer to Dr. Wortis' "How Psychiatry Helps" (NM, January 8) by Dr. J. B. Furst has had to be postponed for technical reasons. Dr. Furst's reply will appear in next week's NM.

V. S.

NEW MASSES
ESTABLISHED 1911

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NEW MASSES
VOL. LVIII JANUARY 15, 1946 NO. 3

WHY YOU CAN'T GET A HOUSE

By VIRGINIA GARDNER

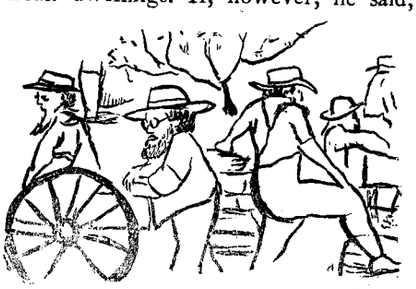
Washington.

THE great Washington obsession of trying to read the Truman mind, and reconcile statement with action, is growing every day. Without yielding to the temptation of analyzing his intent in his recent message on housing, then, it nevertheless is interesting to see the quiet and confident satisfaction with which the message is greeted by the real estate-building lobby. Of course, even among lobbies this lobby is possessed of an infinite amount of gall. Rep. Wright Patman, the Texas Democrat who is putting up the best fight in Congress for action on veterans' housing, is convinced that the President is actually backing his bill, which among other things would put price ceilings on old and new houses. But the building lobby has a background of solid experience in getting its way with this administration. So it is understandable when the National Association of Home Builders (NAHB) in its *Washington Letter* of December 20 says smugly that the President's HH priority plan will "insure reasonable pricing of the great bulk of new construction" and that therefore the only one of his three points unsolved by his directive is the pricing of existing housing—but that the Patman bill is dead. "Although the bill never had a good chance of passage, the priority plan undoubtedly sounded its death knell," it says. And it continues: "If the administration still wishes to prevent speculation in existing housing it will probably initiate the introduction of such a measure and pigeonhole Representative Patman's OPA-sired measure."

The same *Letter* declares piously that "any priority system is distasteful to builders" and if let alone, "in spite of strikes and the resultant shortages," the industry "could have solved its problems without government interference." It apologizes for the actions of the White House by pointing to "the wave of hysteria and exaggeration of fact which made housing front-page news," and since the priority plan is a *fait accompli*, it goes on to declare, "the industry will now do well to cooperate. . . ."

Before the President's message was issued the December 8 *Letter* of NAHB told the industry most of what it would contain. "It is hoped that our vigorous recommendations will be accepted that . . . the $8,000 ceiling be raised to $10,000." The lobbyists certainly got their way there. But they and the administration may not get away with offering a mere sop to the veterans and calling it a real priorities plan. During the recess, plenty of heat is being applied on Congress in the members' own districts, and with its reconvening, some hell will be raised on the floor over how little the Snyder-Truman plan will do for the veterans "who are sleeping in streets," as the mild-spoken National Housing Administration head, John Blandford, told a Senate committee. This, of course, is just "hysteria" in the opinion of the building lobby. It is "hysteria" to demand a roof over one's head.

When Boris Shishkin, AFL economist who for years, during the war and before the war, has been warning of such an emergency in housing, told the Senate Banking and Currency committee last month that 6,000,000 people have left the farm and only two and a half million are going back there, Senator George L. Radcliffe, Maryland Democrat, was annoyed. "You cannot tell people where to live," he ruminated aloud unhappily. "But this mass movement and this insistence on the part of people who go to the city that they must be provided with homes, is quite unreasonable in the aggregate." Shishkin reminded him that deterioration of rural homes is much worse than that of urban dwellings. If, however, he said, "the Congress in its wisdom would assure the kind of parity that the farmer really needs, not a price parity, but an income parity for the farmer which would maintain that equality of income standard and we could have a generally uniform income standard, at least a minimum standard in the cities and on the farms, then the economic magnet of attraction, the magnet of economic necessity which forces farm people to go to the city to find employment, would be counterbalanced." Replied the Senator: "That is a colossal undertaking."



Gotcliffe.

The national housing shortage had been accumulating for a long time before the war, while private enterprise screamed at every mention of public housing and insisted it could do the job, and building booms were followed by depressions. Depressions hit residential building hardest, with 937,000 units started in 1925, for instance, and only 93,000 units started in 1933. To satisfy the minimum needs of our returning war heroes alone would be a colossal undertaking. Government and industry placidly agree that at the most 475,000 units can be built in 1946 by private industry. (The public housing program contemplated under the Wagner-Ellender-Taft bill, S-1592, would not even get under way for several years.) Yet Blandford testified in the hearings on the bill that married veterans without homes, from October 1, 1945, to December, 1946, would number 1,632,000; single veterans who marry, 1,268,000; nonveterans who marry, 560,000, and that the backlog of families already doubled up as of October 1 last was 1,200,000. With 475,000 new construction units, and estimating 650,000 new vacancies and 295,000 existing vacancies (he did not say where they are), the supply would total 1,420,000, with 3,240,000 families having to double up—in other words, 3,240,000 actually homeless. These are Blandford's figures and they are most conservative—as his figures always are.

But there is no earthly reason why

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the American people should accept the building industry's and the administration's decision to use only fifty percent of the available building supplies for residences. Or their decision that a builder can get priorities on a residence so long as it is under $10,000. Protests are expected to roll in on this whole priority mess. Here are the facts:

While the reconversion expediter, John Snyder, whom the building lobby justifiably thinks it owns now that he expedited WPB order L-41 out of existence at its behest, decided to use fifty percent of all building materials for homes, in the case of lumber this shrinks to twenty-three percent. The supply of lumber in 1946 will run about that of 1945, which was 27,500,000,000 board feet. But only 5,000,000,000 will be used for new residences. Three billion will go for farm buildings, 7,800,000,000 for repair and renovation of existing residences, and 13,000,000,000 for commercial, non-residential use. This is because the building lobby has campaigned to use freely all material it wanted for commercial buildings, because they are more profitable. No ceilings, of course, are on any buildings to date. But a man will pay anything to get a store, and amortize it and take it off his taxes.

The Snyder-Truman plan is a gyp for veterans in more than one way. The plan for a $10,000 top (and nothing is said about standards) conceives that thirty percent of all materials will go to homes costing from $7,000 to $10,000, leaving only twenty percent of all materials for homes of under $7,000. And of an army of 7,000,000, studies show that forty-one percent of the veterans will need homes. Only a few of them, however, can pay the $80 a month that the $7,000-$10,000 homes will cost in rental or purchase price per month. Fifty dollars a month or a $5,000 home is all the highest bracket postwar income group of GI's can afford, Patman has said.

Before L-41, controlling building materials and putting price ceilings on new contruction, was lifted, Representative Patman made a series of five speeches in October on the floor of the House, warning of the scarcity of materials, warning of speculators who were waiting to take advantage of a situation in which we have a deficit, he estimated roughly, of 9,760,000 homes in the US today. He declared it would be from six to nine months before supplies were plentiful enough to release controls. And he said: "I hesitate to say this, but I sincerely believe that certain mass construction and real estate development interests believe that, once these controls are lifted, they can get the major portion of what is available, and, if necessary, freeze out the little builder. They have even gone so far," went on Representative Patman, who is chairman of the House Small Business Committee, "as to convince many little builders that they should come along with them, and the little builders do not recognize that, in so doing, they are helping to celebrate their own business funerals."

But Snyder was sold a bill of goods —to put it in the kindest terms—by Hugh Potter, placed in Snyder's office for just that purpose, and went ahead and lifted L-41. Potter represented the interests of the real estate and builders' lobbies, which are all the same: the National Association of Real Estate Boards (NAREB) and the NAHB have offices in the same building. Herbert U. Nelson of NAREB, one of the suavest lobbyists on the Hill, is in constant parley with Frank W. Cortright, executive vice president of NAHB. Involved directly in the deal also were building trades representatives of the AFL hierarchy. The building trades were to be exempt from the restrictions under which other labor was operating and as a result two-dollar-a-day increases did go into effect in many places for building trades workers. Even to date a persistent quiet has been maintained about the participants in the deal, which of course the AFL was officially unaware of, and which has been the subject of screaming protests by Shishkin and others.

L-41 is being put back quietly, effective January 15, but as a face-saver to Snyder it is being given another name. Nevertheless, the President's directive, such as it was, was based on the Second War Powers Act, and unless there is a real campaign to prevent it, it will end in six months. The Patman bill implementing the directive, and carrying out Price Administrator Chester Bowles' objective of price ceilings for old and new residences, will be pushed actively on Congress' return. But the building lobby, having made a fool out of Snyder once, is not resting on its laurels. Through its organs, the *Washington Letter* and *Headlines*, among others, it is actively campaigning to end OPA.

It is sure to get a sympathetic ear in Congress. Republican Senate Whip Kenneth Wherry, the unnamed Senator berated last year by Senator Charles

Fellow Workers

He tells us one thing
and sells us another
and doesn't he look
like a grand old brother
smiling all over
the cloudy land
and making our hopes
expand, expand?

But somehow or other
it doesn't look good
when it comes right down
to the matter of food
where traders who saw
something else in the smile
charge that much more
for their brotherhood.

Prosperity's back,
the prices are gay:
The wife comes back
and the wife looks gray,
so I stand up
to my Boss next day
and ask for a little,
a little more pay.

Now I'm not sure
what it was I said,
but I know someone else
has the job instead.
Someone else—
I walk the streets
and the smile I saw
retreats, retreats.

Whenever we suffer,
struggle or strike,
it goes in for silence,
a silent dislike,
perfectly safe in
the end it has gained:
Our votes forgotten,
ourselves disdained.

Whatever comes in
or goes out of style,
no one can live
on a promissory smile,
or look any longer
for a long lost brother,
except in the dark
and the light: Each other!

Alfred Kreymborg.

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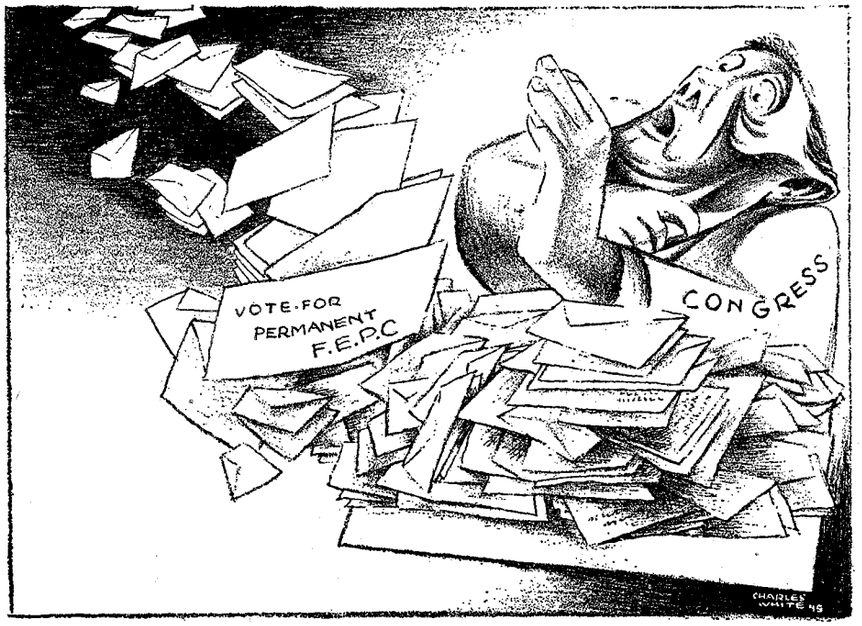

The time to campaign for FEPC is now.

W. Tobey for counting noses on a forthcoming bill with "five sleek, fat lobbyists" in the Senate ante-chamber, is one of the real estate lobby's warmest champions in the Senate Small Business Committee. Gloated *Headlines* on October 29: "Having been turned down by the administration on his plan to control real estate prices, Chester Bowles, OPA administrator, last week carried his fight for setting price ceilings on houses to the Senate. . . . His plan, which your National Association has vigorously opposed, met with hostility from the Senate Small Business Committee. . . ." It went on, "It appeared that the Bowles plan would have as little support in the Congress as it received from the Office of Reconversion Director John W. Snyder." Snyder opposed the plan before the committee, but had to eat his words and come out for the Patman bill in the letter which Truman read to his press conference on housing early in December. In one issue, the NAREB organ bragged of its "scoop." Thus on November 5 it crowed: "First flat assurance that the administration will not actively seek a ceiling price on houses came last week from Reconversion Director John W. Snyder. *Headlines* has been telling you that this was the decision reached, but Mr. Snyder has now gone on public record for the first time."

The fact that the administration at this late date is forced to reverse itself is the first break Bowles (or the public) has had in what has been a running battle and a losing fight with him ever since Snyder went in as head of the Office of War Mobilization and Reconversion. The President during crucial months let this Missouri banker with the bookkeeper-mind persuade him, over Bowles' head, that the best thing to do was to let go all controls as soon as it was decent. The *Journal of Commerce* last fall officially "leaked" a story that OPA had a calendar arranged for the dropping of price controls and expected most food and clothing controls, and some consumer durables, to be ended by the last of February. This represented official administration thinking at the time, but wherever price controls were "temporarily" lifted, as in the case of citrus fruit, which rose from 100 to 200 percent in price, the hike was so glaring that Bowles was able to convince Truman of the very real dangers of inflation in ending price controls. So at long last we have the spectacle of Snyder reappearing before the Senate Small Business Con.mittee and coming out in favor of extending price controls beyond the next six months.

MEANWHILE the building lobby is terrified that the Wagner-Ellender-Taft housing bill, which normally could have been stalled in committee for a comfortably long time or loaded with reactionary amendments, may, with the nation bursting at the seams as it is, pass Congress before summer. But if Senator Millikin, the Colorado Republican with the patience to listen to all testimony and the canniness to know just where to attack the legislation to best aid reaction, can help it, it will not get out of committee.

The building lobby is conducting an all-out opposition campaign, despite the fact, as Blandford testified, that "most of the bill is directed toward stimulating private enterprise and broadening its opportunities," and in many ways goes farther than the Home Builders Industry Committee proposals in this direction.

Commenting on remarks he had heard that the bill's private enterprise proposals "are merely a camouflage for the public housing title of the bill," Blandford said: "The camouflage is on the part of those who are perfectly willing to advocate governmental assistance in the accomplishment of their own objectives, but who look with disfavor upon governmental assistance to ill-housed families of very low income, including veterans." Industry witnesses at the hearing were embarrassed to have former statements flung in their teeth.

Even NAHB's *Washington Letter* of December 8 admitted that while "your National President [James Merrion] came through this experience with flying colors," "unfortunately as much cannot be said of other private enterprise witnesses opposing the legislation. Spokesmen for these groups were subjected to inquisition-like cross-examinations of the severest nature. Proponents of public housing . . . had made an extremely thorough study of weekly news letters and statements before Congressional committees during the last four years. Wherever a sentence or a paragraph could be found that indicated previous Association policy was at variance with present policy, the authority and accuracy of the witness was attacked."

Six Senators, including Sen. Hugh B. Mitchell of Washington, who with Sen. Harley M. Kilgore is sponsoring legislation to finance quick assembly-line housing for veterans of low incomes and turn over surplus war plants for such production from aluminum and other new materials, cross-examined "your President," and were unkind enough to recite excerpts from 190 weekly Association newsletters. "Senator Millikin of Colorado," said the *Letter*, "the only Republican Senator to sit through the entire hearing, gave full support to the witness."

And the witness himself groaned aloud in an aside at one point: "Our love letters have come home to roost."

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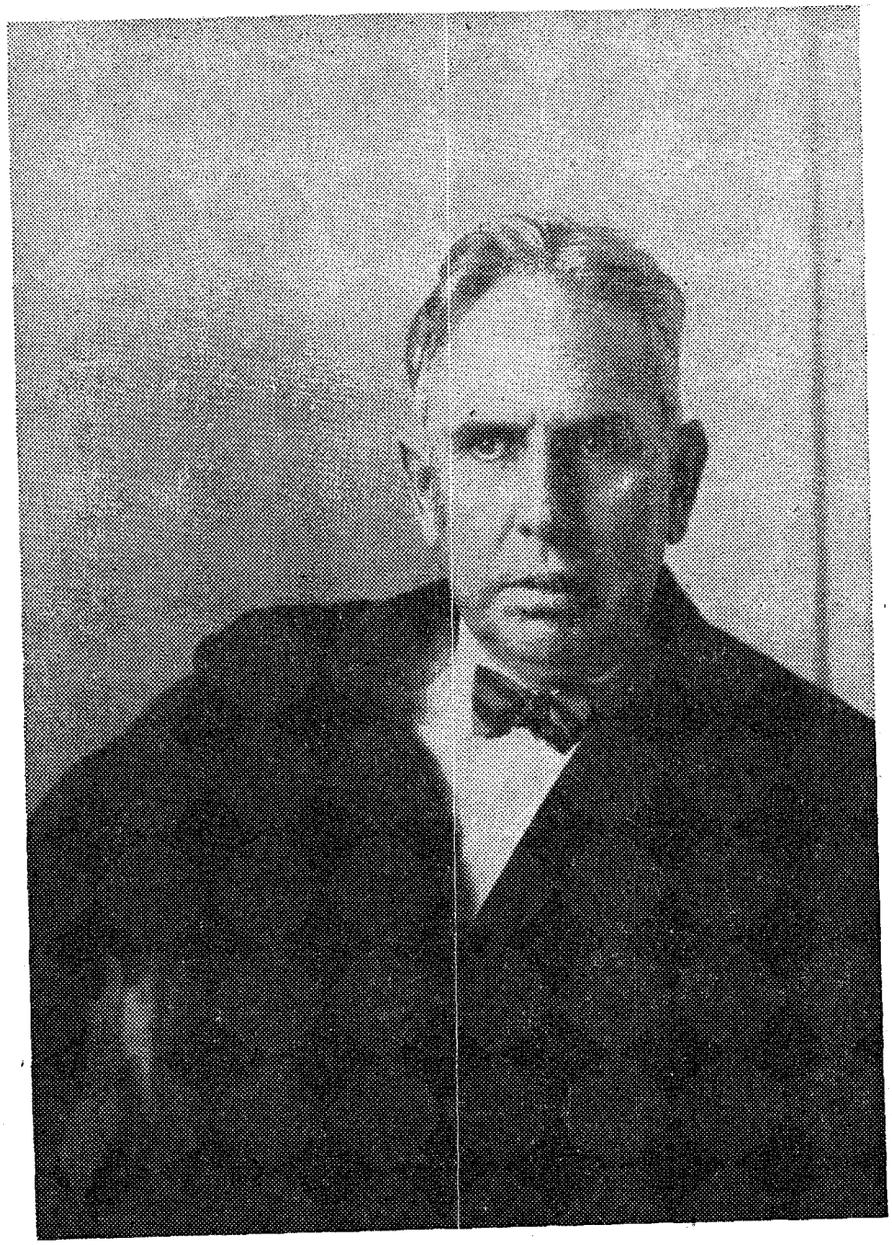

THEODORE DREISER

1871 to 1945

In homage to this great American novelist NEW MASSES *will shortly publish a critical estimate of Dreiser's work being prepared specially for us by Prof. Edwin Berry Burgum of New York University. Other articles on Dreiser will appear in subsequent issues.*

BORN in an immigrant family, Theodore Dreiser grew into understanding manhood through a childhood of poverty and struggle. The struggle continued, since Dreiser sought truth more than success.

In the course of the struggle he made what was probably the greatest single contribution to the cause of American realism. His work helped American literature break out of an arrested development and grow in power and range and influence.

For this achievement he won admirers among the literary, even among the academes. But some of them fell away when Dreiser extended his perception of truth from literature into life,—his second great contribution to American culture. The reidentification in America of the artist with the people, the reassertion of the social responsibility of art, owes much to his example.

But it took Dreiser into picket lines, into investigating committees, to the side of the oppressed; it made him an admirer of the land of the common man, the Soviet Union. This disaffected some of his former literary admirers, among them H. L. Mencken, to whom the common people were the "booboisie."

The most fitting obituary tribute the American press could have paid Dreiser was to have told the truth about him. But this it could not bear to do. How ironical that the press that is demanding special privileges for itself in the international field, privileges to be guaranteed in the UNO charter, privileges based on its presumable function as disseminator of truth, could not be truthful in its obituaries to a man distinguished for his devotion to truth. The press kept back or perverted important parts of that truth, notably the act by which Dreiser completed his identification with the interests of the common people, his Communist Party membership.

The New York *Times*, for example, one of the two New York papers that admitted it, not only used the suppression technique of dropping it to the bottom where few readers would reach it, but smeared it with the lie that his membership had been "confirmed" by Moscow. By that lie they sought to discredit both the act itself and the American Party that Dreiser had chosen as his political affiliation.

Thus, forced to honor Dreiser, the American press carried on, in shameful subterfuges, its attack against all that constituted his greatness, against his truth. But the attack is vain. That truth survives even its suppression by innuendo.

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WE WAITED IN MANILA, TOO

By LAWRENCE EMERY

Manila, Dec. 25.—Four thousand demonstrating United States soldiers marched on the Twenty-first Replacement Depot Headquarters today in protest against cancellation of a scheduled transport sailing for home. The soldiers carried banners proclaiming "We want ships." They were met by Col. J. C. Campbell, depot commander. He ordered them to return to their barracks. After listening to a brief talk by the colonel the men milled around for about ten minutes, then filtered back to their quarters. A spokesman for the men said another mass meeting protest would be held tomorrow. — New York "Times."

You started getting mad long before you got to the Replacement Depot near Manila. Actually it started when the C-47 which had flown you from Okinawa landed at Clark Field and left you stranded at the tail-end of a brutally hot day fifty-five miles north of Manila with no way to get there but to hitch-hike—with your heavy, heavy bag on your back.

Hitch-hiking was not easy. When you got to the main road your back seemed permanently humped from the weight of your bag; your clothes were soaked through with sweat, and every time you moved your toes you could feel sweat sloshing around in your shoes. There were a lot of vehicles on the road but there were few that would stop for a hitch-hiker even though he was traveling under orders and was on his way home. The jeeps driven by officers, wouldn't stop because it was long enough now after V-J Day for the country club atmosphere among the brass to have solidified to the point where it was quite impossible to give a lift to an enlisted man.

Enlisted men driving jeeps always had a Filipino girl in the front seat. Naturally they wouldn't stop. The trucks were highballing; they were going too fast to stop. But a weapons-carrier does lurch to a halt. Gratefully you throw your bag in and climb in after it. But you don't go far before you realize that the driver is drunk, almost blind drunk. He drives too fast, and keeps looking back to see if an MP is following. And every time he looks back his vehicle veers into the path of oncoming traffic. You swallow your heart a dozen times before you reach San Fernando, where you pile out resolved to walk every inch of the way to Manila rather than ride another mile with this Joe. You're too close to home now to die this way.

When you do get to Manila it is late night and it is raining. You say to hell with the replacement depot; you'll get there later. You bargain with a carimato driver; he takes you to a hotel; you do not even argue about the fantastic room rent. Inflation is inflation, you tell yourself, and you count out the money.

You go through a good deal more nonsense before you get to the Replacement Depot, and you are thoroughly mad when you arrive.

You knew in advance that you were not going to like it, and you have already written your wife that you dread these last days in the Army. But you didn't know it was going to be as bad as it turns out. You report in to the 138th Battalion of the 22nd Replacement Depot at 11:30 in the morning. You stand in line until four in the afternoon before being assigned to the 265th Co. and a tent. You have missed your lunch, and you are a little groggy from standing for four and a half hours under a savage sun. And when you go to the mess hall for supper you find yourself in the longest chow line you've ever seen in three and a half years in the Army. You stand in it for an hour and a half. And for supper you get a cup of water, a slab of cheese and some dehydrated potatoes.

After supper you look for water. The lister bags in your area are empty. Those in the adjoining areas are empty also. The big water trailer in the company street is empty. You walk up to the showers. They are dry, and you also note that there are only twelve shower-heads for some thousands of men and you learn that the water is turned on in them for only an hour a day.

You walk back to the tent. You are soggy with sweat and sticky with the dust and grime mixed in it. You need a shave. You are hungry. And then you discover that there are no lights in your quarters.

That night you write a letter to your wife. "I will probably be on a ship within ten days," you tell her. You don't know how foolishly optimtistic you are. It is early September and the no-ship scandal is just becoming known; you haven't heard about it yet. But you will. "Even ten days here will be too long," you continue. "We are horribly uncomfortable. We are crowded so that it is hardly possible to move. Twenty men are crammed into one tent." You tell her about the endless lines, the poor food, the lack of water, the heat.

"The Army must believe," you wrote, "that by now we can take anything and that we *will* take anything just to get home. The Army is right on the first score. We *can* take anything. We *have* taken it. And while the war was on we made no fuss. But the war is over now. The urgency is done. We don't have to take it any more. It isn't *necessary* any more that we take it. And we aren't in a mood to take it any longer. We want desperately now to get home—but we are not ready to eat dirt to get there."

On the second day you know that you won't get out within ten days. You talk to men who have been in the place for nearly a month and still are not on a shipment. As the days go by with floods of men pouring in and none going out you know that something is fouled up. And now the bitterness begins to eat into the men. They are trapped, and they are helpless.

The chow gets worse. The lines grow longer. A week of rain sets in and the depot becomes an ugly hole of thick black mud. There are no washing facilities; for the first time in your Army career you are forced to shave out of your drinking cup. Many men stop shaving entirely. All your clothes are dirty and there is no way to wash them.

You write a letter to the local Army newspaper, the *Pacifican*: "The 22nd Replacement Depot is the slum of the Air Forces in the Pacific," you write. "Men who have served long enough and well enough to have earned their claim to an honorable discharge are stripped of their dignity when they enter this cattle-run on their way home." You specify some of the complaints: "There are far insufficient latrines; those that do exist are befouled beyond anything seen anywhere in the Pacific Theater. . . . No provisions whatever

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are made for cleanliness. . . . There are no lights; the day ends here when the sun goes down. . . . The chow is as bad as any we've eaten anywhere. The mess hall is as dank and gloomy and smells as bad as the Augean stables before they were cleaned. It is like eating in a goat-pen. . . . A man is no longer a man here and is given no consideration as such; he becomes a lump of baggage awaiting transportation and the wait is far too long. . . . We want no 'hero' treatment, we want no pampering as 'conquerors,' we want no brass bands. But we damned well do want the simple necessities required for keeping ourselves clean and for retaining our dignity, our self-respect and, perhaps, our pride. There is no reasonable excuse why the returning troops of this country cannot be provided in transit with gravelled walks, sufficient bunk-space, electric lights, a place to wash, sufficient water, adequate food, and a sanitary mess hall that does not stink. . . . These are minimum requirements. We want them. Given them, we might more easily bear with the apparent foul-up which has resulted in insufficient transportation to get us to hell out of here. . . ."

You put the letter in an envelope, and you address it to the editor. But you do not mail it, yet. You will hold it until you are certain that you are getting on a transport and only then will you drop it in the box. You've been in the Army long enough now to know that criticism by enlisted men is not only not welcomed, it is damned well not even tolerated.

Your letters home are more and more filled with rage. On a Friday you write: "Every day here seems like an eternity. And each day it gets worse, because more and more men come in and few go out. . . . Somebody has loused up very, very badly on getting the troops home. . . . They cannot even feed us here. . . . I'm as angry now, more angry, than I've ever been before in the Army."

On a Monday you write: "More and more men are pouring in here steadily, and none are going out. This is beginning to look like one of the worst foul-ups of the war. . . . The things that men, many of them with more than three years in this theater, are forced to put up with in this cattle-run are outrageous. . . . Today, early in the afternoon my company had a formation. I didn't go, but was told later that the company commander, a lieutenant, raised hell because he was dissatisfied 'with the appearance of the area.' Honest, it is a sea of mud, and he wants it policed up! Someone should take him by the scruff of his stupid, arrogant neck and rub his nose in one of the overflowing latrines he offers his men. He said, 'If you guys don't get on the ball and stay on the ball, we'll see that you stay here until you do get on the ball. We've seen that wise guys have missed their shipments before, and we can do it again!' I'm glad I wasn't there. I'm sure I would not have taken that threat without blowing up. . . . I am getting very touchy here. I am trying to stay away from these people and to keep out of the way of the guys running this place. I am not in a mood to take anything from any of them. All I need here is one push and I am going to push back. . . . The place is a stench. I wish to Christ there was something I could do about it. But, still being a soldier, I must grit my teeth and sweat it out. . . ."

On Thursday you write: "It is raining. It has been raining since last night. It is a depressing rain. The mud runs like soup now and everything is damp. All the tents leak. This camp tonight is a sullen place. . . . I want so badly to get home now that it is a physical ache. That is why I so furiously hate and detest this Goddammed place, and all the bungling that keeps us here."

The hatred eats deeper. You live on rumors, and you report them all faithfully, knowing that they are nothing more than rumors. "During the war," you write your wife, "the Army kept us in ignorance for 'security reasons.' Now that the war is over, it just keeps us in ignorance."

THEN a shipping list goes up. You are on it. Not by name but by number. You long ago ceased having a name. You write the glorious news home and you take a fierce delight in knowing that this is your last night in this concentration camp.

Next day the shipment is cancelled.

"It is good we are leaving," you had written. "The place is so crowded now it is about to collapse. It is a madhouse."

In that letter you had tried to sum it up. And you wrote that "nothing that occurred during the war embittered the men so much as the Army's mismanaged, fouled-up, haywire 'demobilization.' But even this snafu the men would accept if only the Army treated them like adults. But we are being smashed around like cattle, and we don't like it. . . ."

Later you write again. "I am still here, as you can see," you say. "We are trapped. . . . I wish I knew what could be done about it. Congress seems to be making a big noise about demobilization. It should be pointed out to somebody that this is the bottleneck. In the days I have been here—I've lost count of them—only a tiny trickle of men have left. Tonight, at this and another nearby depot, more than 20,000 men are jammed in upon themselves waiting to get home. More are pouring in. . . . Living conditions, bad when I arrived, are now totally impossible. The masterminds are now trying to figure out how to get twenty-four bunks into tents that are already crowded beyond capacity with twenty. The mess halls can't feed us. . . . Each day the bitterness grows deeper, the resentment of the men becomes more acute. . . . The bottleneck has to be broken soon or we will all start going haywire here. . . . I, for one, will not put up meekly with these intolerable conditions indefinitely. . . . Where are the ships? Why aren't they here? . . . We here are helpless. All we can do is try to hang on until something happens. . . . What a way to end a war. And in the States I understand we're met by brass bands. I'll spit on them. . . . Do something. I don't care what you do. Write to Congress. March in picket lines. Take all these letters I've written and get on a rooftop and shout them. Send them to newspapers. But get us out of here. . . ."

WELL, that's the way it was in early September. It is worse now. If you've ever been in the Army you know that it takes some provocation for 4,000 soldiers to put on an organized demonstration. And if you've ever been in a Manila replacement depot you will wonder why they didn't do it sooner.

[*This article was written after the post-Christmas day demonstration of our GI's in the Philippines. As we go to press there are greater demonstrations, not only in Manila, but also in France and elsewhere. The Manila demonstrators, according to UP, booed down a speech by their commanding general and asked for a congressional investigation of American foreign policy in connection with the War Department's demobilization program. They demanded immediate evacuation of China, the Philippines and all other overseas garrisons except those in defeated Germany and Japan. One GI speaker said, "They are not going to keep us as occupation troops in a peaceful country—the Philippines." The soldiers protested a military order alerting American troops in the Philippines for "combat training." — The Editors.*]

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MY GRANDFATHER WAS A SLAVE

By ADAM CLAYTON POWELL, JR.

MY FOLKS were field Negroes for countless generations. That's why I belong to the masses. I am proud to consider myself a new Negro—a marching black.

My grandfather was a branded slave. The letter P, nine inches high, was burned into his back. I stood on a chair at the age of ten and traced down his brown back with my finger that P of seared human flesh. I swore to my God that I would not rest until I had wiped that brand from my memory and from the conscience of white America.

My father was born in a one-room log cabin in Franklin County, Virginia —so rural he didn't even know what town it was near. He was one of seventeen children. The rent was one dollar a month, which often could not be met. He never saw a clock until he was ten, nor a train until he was eleven. He taught himself to read by studying the Gospel According to St. John by the fireside one winter. On and on he went until he studied at Yale University; built up the largest Protestant congregation in the world, housed it in property worth $400,000, paid every cent of it, and inaugurated one of the first complete institutional churches in this nation.

My mother comes from the Busters of West Virginia—a fighting family of mountain people. Every child had his own gun. The girls could shoot as well as the men. . . .

I was born to be a radical—it is in the blood of all my people—it's in the blood of every American. This country has gone forward only as the ferment of radicalism produced men and women of daring. It was radicalism that discovered America and radicalism that made it a republic. It was radicalism that sent the covered wagon rolling on its uncharted way and it was radicalism that laid bare the first vein of coal in the Alleghenies. America has come upon easy days. We have grown soft. We need to return to the radicalism that made us what we were. Here the new Negro stands. That is why he is misunderstood. The new Negro is as radical, no more no less than Jefferson, Clay, Webster and Tom Paine. His is not the radicalism of Marx although Marxism is respected. It is the radicalism of free men.

No influence was more important in bringing to pass the freedom of the Negro than the church, black and white, North and South. In the South the Negro church was formed as a protest against the hypocrisy of the white man's religion. In the North the white church hurled holy invectives against the hypocrisy of the Southern church. The Southern white church was immovable then and immovable now. The institution of organized Christianity south of the Mason-Dixon line is the greatest travesty. It has done more harm to the cause of God than a million atheists. The South will never be improved fundamentally until the unchristian, undemocratic hypocrisy of the Southern white church is blasted out.

The Underground Railroad during the slave period had as its terminals the Negro plantation church in the South and white Christians in the North. Every Negro leader during the underground period was deeply religious. Harriet Tubman, Sojourner Truth, Andrew Bryan, Richard Allan and Frederick Douglass, among others, believed devoutly in their God and fought like hell for His people. The same was true of the great abolitionists of the North, Elijah Lovejoy, William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Harriet Beecher Stowe and John Brown.

TODAY'S church has come upon evil days. It can no longer throw the impact of integrity against an unethical society. Just as America has grown soft, so has the church. The muscles of both must be hardened by the upward surge of marching blacks.

The Negro church during the slave period belonged almost entirely to the field Negro. It was not attended by whites unless they desired to "see a show." It was spurned by the house Negroes who sat in special slave lofts in the white churches, worshipping through a slit. It was natural therefore that as the field Negroes came together the church became more than a place of worship. It was also a place of inspiration and a highway to Canaan. Nat Turner, who staged the bloody revolt of Southampton County, was a preacher who preached from one text only—"The first shall be last and the last shall be first." Sojourner Truth turned the tide of defeat when Frederick Douglass was so pessimistic that he could not deliver one of his great orations by crying out, "Fred, is God dead?"

This is what I am a product of—the sustained indignation of a branded grandfather, the militant protest of my grandmother, the disciplined resentment of my father and mother, and the power of mass action of the church. I am a new Negro—a marching black.

Marching blacks are not exclusively the products of modern times. The desire for a better society, the willingness to pay the price and a great heritage—

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these were ever in the souls of black folks.

There is no trace of cowardice in the makeup of the Negro. The old unlettered slaves used to sing a spiritual, "God don't want no coward soldiers in His band." An inferiority complex was never a racial characteristic. The most humble Negro boy playing on a levee along the Mississippi knew deep in his heart that he was as good as anyone else in God's green world. The mobster recognized this and that's why Negroes were always attacked by mobs.

The military history of this nation records page after page of the heroism of fighting blacks. Not a single war and very few major engagements have been fought without Negro troops. The first man to die that America might be free was a Negro, Crispus Attucks, who fell in 1773, during the Boston Massacre. When George Washington's ragged irregulars of the Continental Army marched across the snow of Valley Forge they left bloody footprints. That blood flowed from the veins of blacks as well as whites. Ten of Washington's divisions included Negro fighters.

In the war of 1812 Negro troops fought so well in the historic battle of New Orleans that Andrew Jackson at the close of the day issued a proclamation lauding them for their valor. The crew of Commodore Perry's flagship on Lake Erie was seventy percent Negro. When Teddy Roosevelt rode up San Juan Hill in the Spanish-American War it was the black Rough Riders at his side who saved his life and captured the hill. The historic Tenth Cavalry rode with Black Jack Pershing in persuit of Pancho Villa in the Mexican War. Hundreds of thousands of Negroes fought in World War I. One of the great early victories that helped to swing the tide was the capture of Snake Hill by the historic Fighting Fifteenth from the streets of Harlem at the cost of a thousand casualties. You cannot call the name of an important engagement in this present conflict in all theaters of operation without finding Negro airmen, seamen, marines or infantrymen in the thick of it.

The black man is a born fighter. Even as a soldier of a Jim Crow army, when he gets his Negro up hell breaks loose.

This is a chapter, "Soldiers of Jim Crow," slightly abridged, from Representative Powell's forthcoming book, "Marching Blacks," soon to be issued by Dial Press.

LEON BLUM'S "CONSTITUTION"

By DEREK KARTUN

Paris (by mail)

THE business of making a new constitution is now under way in France and the Constitution Commission of the National Constituent Assembly has reached the stage of formulating certain general principles. These principles will be submitted to the full Assembly and if accepted, will go back to the Commission for elaboration and final drafting, after which the Assembly will pronounce its final judgment, clause by clause, on the new constitution. Finally, in March 1946, the constitution will be presented for the approval of the nation in the form of a referendum, the life of the Assembly will come to an end, and if the new constitution is accepted by the people the first elections to the new sovereign assembly will take place.

This article is in the nature of an interim report and assessment of the work of the Constitution Commission. It can be made because all three main parties, now that they are having to translate election propaganda into deeds, can be seen in their true colors, and certain basic political ideas are now seeing the light of day for the first time.

A word is necessary in the first place about the Commission itself. Its forty members were elected by the Constituent Assembly and it reflects pretty accurately the political composition of that body. In practice, then, the Socialists and Communists voting together have a majority. Alternatively, the Socialists and Popular Republican Movement (MRP —de Gaulle's Catholic party) have a majority, especially if, as would often be the case, the right-wing remnants vote with them. The Socialists, therefore, are sitting in the middle of the seesaw and can control the game. They are far from happy on their perch and already show every sign of climbing down to join the Popular Republican Movement for good.

The first divergence of view arose on a proposition supported by Socialists and MRP to make the state responsible for distributing and controlling all party election propaganda. The Communists fought it and were defeated.

Then again, a Socialist proposal to make a state body which would be independent of the legislature responsible for checking and certifying the credentials of the people's elected representatives was supported by the MRP and adopted in the face of strong Communist opposition.

The Communists have also opposed a clause incorporating acceptance in the constitution of the use of the referendum on constitutional questions. Once again the Socialist-MRP majority carried the day.

A Communist proposal making elected parliamentary representatives subject to recall by their constituents was defeated, and in its place the Socialists, supported once again by the MRP, suggested incorporating in the constitution a clause providing for the expulsion from their party of members of parliament who are considered to have failed in their responsibilities.

The principle of the compulsory vote with financial penalties for the non-voter was adopted, with the Communists in opposition.

Finally, and most important of all, Andre Philip for the Socialists proposed a "Charter of the Parties." A tremendous battle, both in the Constitution Commission and in the press, has developed over this proposal, which was adopted—again thanks to the Socialist-MRP alliance. It bears examination here because it demonstrates both the character of the MRP and the theoretical weakness of the Socialists.

Philip's "Charter" is intended to give bona fide political parties a constitutional place within the structure of the state. The Socialists and their friends maintain that the importance of the parties in the functioning of the modern democratic state is matched neither by a high degree of organization nor by a reliable standard of honesty and public spirit. They contend that just as certain monopolies and banks have become such an indis-

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pensable part of the life of the community that their presence has now been recognized and their operations placed under control by means of nationalization and like measures, so in the political field the parties have become indispensable and it is now necessary, as Leon Blum puts it, to force them to "organize themselves more strictly and with greater density," and to integrate them into the new constitutional structure. Further, the Socialists propose that in order to avoid the financial abuses which took place in the past, the accounts of the political parties should be subject to inspection by a State Commission.

The "Charter of the Parties" proposes to incorporate in the constitution the following main principles: 1. The principle of the multi-party system. 2. Support of all parties for the Declaration of Rights. 3. The principle of the democratic organization of parties. 4. The publication and inspection of accounts.

THE Socialists appear to see not the slightest danger to democracy in this "Charter." Day by day Leon Blum, clad in his robes as the high priest of "genuine" Marxism, holds forth in the Socialist press—telling his followers that Socialism is being built before their very eyes, that nationalization of the Bank of France is part of the process—that everything is for the best in the best of all possible worlds. Why not make a constitution, then, which will safeguard the working-class parties under socialist conditions, and make the parties of the right toe the line?

If these proposals are examined, however, side by side with the accusations constantly levelled against the Communist Party, they begin to appear as a very different kettle of fish. Consider the "multiplicity of parties" as against the conception of the dictatorship of the proletariat; the "democratic organization of parties" as against the constant parrot-cry that the Communist Party is undemocratic; the inspection of accounts as against the "Moscow gold" bogey. Looked at in this way the "Charter" begins to appear as the anti-Communist maneuver that the Communists claim it to be. And it must be remembered above all that these principles are to be *written into the constitution.*

What are the dangers involved? Firstly, that it is but a short step from state control of political parties to state control of the trade unions and all forms of democratic organization. One can easily imagine a case being made out by a possible reactionary government for a "Charter of the Unions" which would "define their position in the life of the state." Second, the general and overweening danger that such a clause in the constitution would represent for democracy should reaction, by democratic or other methods, regain power in France. This danger is so obvious that it does not need to be stressed here. What does need to be stressed, however, is the ostrich-like attitude of the Socialists as they tell each other day after day that everything will be all right because socialism is just around the corner. It is all very much like Dr. Coue's famous system, whereby you say "I am happy" twenty times before breakfast in order to forget that you are miserable.

While the Socialists have had their heads buried deep down in the sands they have not surprisingly failed to notice the secret political police, the Vichy influence in the army, the jesuitism and reaction of their friends in the MRP, the "great man" myth steadily being built around the person of General de Gaulle, and the well-entrenched representatives of the trusts in every branch of public life. They have not seen these very obvious things because their eyes are filled with the rosy vision of Leon Blum's "socialism."

THERE is little doubt that the MRP and Socialists, who have been characterized in the Communist press as a combination of knaves and fools, are preparing willy-nilly to install in France a neo-fascist, clericalist constitution closely resembling that of Salazar's Portugal. The Catholics are even pressing for a second corporate chamber on the lines perfected by Mussolini. And it would not be the first time in history, of course, that such a combination has done its utmost to present its enemies with the wherewithal to strangle the life out of it. This time it is being done in the name of democracy, liberty and socialism itself.

These "democratic" proposals are being put forward under the ideological leadership of Leon Blum and the jesuits of the MRP, and if the latter have no qualms about the possible results, the former must at least ask himself as a "Marxist" how his views on the development of socialism in France check against the teachings of Marx and Lenin on the subject of the state.

Blum, willingly supported by the MRP, is planning in fact to deliver the democratic parties bound hand and foot to the tender mercies of the state, which he is so convinced is becoming a socialist state simply because the tobacco industry and five banks have been nationalized.

The achievements of the Constitution Commission, achievements in the main of the Socialist-MRP coalition, do not promise well for the future of the Republic. One can readily imagine the use which a French Salazar would make of some of these clauses should they be finally incorporated in the constitution:

State interference with party propaganda. But would the State consider the political propaganda of the Church and the capitalist press as coming within its jurisdiction?

State interference in the internal life of the parties. How easy it would be to find excuses to intervene and control and outlaw the Communists!

State, and not parliamentary, control of credentials of members of parliament. With all the opportunities to play ducks and drakes with democracy that such a measure offers!

It requires little imagination to see what use reaction could make of such weapons.

Even the clause requiring all parties to conform with the Declaration of Rights is less innocent than it appears. The Communists have pointed out that if its champions were sincere they would demand that not only political parties but all organizations should conform to the democratic principles of the Declarations of 1789 and 1793. But it is feared that some new Declaration of Rights will be specially formulated by the Socialists and clericals of the MRP.

Andre Philip has said that the Charter would be enforced by "either the judiciary, or the president of the Assembly, or a group of party delegates." The Communists envisage the "intolerable spectacle" of the High Court (which collaborated almost one hundred percent with Petain and is practically untouched), or a parliamentary group dominated by the Right, the Catholic reactionaries of the MRP and certain bitterly anti-Communist leaders of the Socialist Party, charged with the task of seeing that the Communists conform to the ideas which will have been incorporated in the new Declaration of Rights.

It is as clear as daylight that the Charter and the other proposals so far put forward bristle with dangers. Andre Philip's paper has itself declared: "There is no doubt but that the regulation by the state of the life of the parties can

(*Continued on page* 20)

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Fascism begins like this . . .

JEWISH WAR MONGERS CELEBRATE PEARL HARBOR DISASTER DEC. 7.-1941
TIMES SQUARE —— NEW YORK
YOU CAN'T STAY OUT OF IT NOW!
DONT BE A SLACKER! JOIN THE ARMY.
HURRAH FOR CHURCHILL
3 CHEERS FOR F.D.R.
HATS OFF TO THE 77th CONGRESS
THE GOLDEN CALF Dec. 7, 1941
WE WANT WAR
DOWN WITH THE TRIBUNE
DOWN WITH FATHER COUGHLIN — AND LINDBERGH
DOWN WITH THE DIES COMMITTEE
THE NEW YORK TIMES JAPAN ATTACKS PEARL HARBOR
THIS IS WHAT WE WERE ALL WAITING FOR
WHO SAID IT COULDN'T BE DONE
HURRAH
WE ARE INTO IT BOYS!!
THE UNITED STATES CONGRESS IS NOW INVESTIGATING THE PEARL HARBOR TRAGEDY-WERE OVER 3000 CHRISTIANS LOST THEIR LIVES
EVERY AMERICAN KNOWS THAT THE COMANDER IN CHIEF AND HIS JEWISH ADVISERS WERE THE ONES THAT CONNIVED AND PLOTTED THE WHOLE TRAGEDY, —— THIS WAS NO SUPPRISE TO THE JEWS, THEY WERE ALL WATTING FOR IT. ——
ONLY THE GUILLBLE CHRISTIANS WERE SUPPRISED, SO WHY WASTE PUBLIC FUNDS ON SOMETHING THAT WILL ONLY END WITH A WHITE-WASH
—— WHAT THE AMERICAN PEOPLE WANT OUT OF THIS INVESTIGATIONS IS THE TRUTH. ——
THE ONLY WAY THEY WILL EVER GET THIS, IS TO HAVE LAW-MAKERS WITH GUTS-ENOUGH TO DEFY THE JEWS AND IGNORE ANY SMEARS OR THREATS THAT MAY BE MADE BY WALTER WINCHILL, GABRIEL HEATHER OR ANY OTHER JEW, AND NOW THESE SAME JEWS WANT
THAT — THE AMERICAN PEOPLE FORGET ALL ABOUT PEARL HARBOR. WHY ??
-REPRINT-

Published in the USA, 1945.

If you are one of those who still in his heart of hearts doesn't quite believe it can happen here, look carefully at the cartoon above. It is being printed somewhere in the USA and distributed anonymously through the mails. New Masses was sent one which turned up in Washington, D. C. Even Congressmen have received copies. Here is the most sinister evidence that the particular kind of viciousness which the whole world came to know and hate as the special filth which nourished Nazism has other habitats besides the Third Reich. If you have the faintest doubt that organized fascism is fostering the same growth of anti-Semitism in an America in crisis that it bred in the Weimar Republic, look twice and remember that there was a time in Germany when these things were looked on with loathing by most of the German people. Remember too that the Weimar Republic never fought them.

And if your capacity to believe in the monstrous results to which Streicherism leads has been dulled one iota, look at the drawings opposite. These are eye-witness records by one who will never forget. His mother was an Italian Jew, his father Volksdeutsch, and he was one of the few to be imprisoned in the infamous Maidanek concentration camp and to escape its fatal ovens. He was liberated by the Red Army after three months, to fight with the Polish Army side by side with the Russians for the liberation of Warsaw. These pictures are part of a documentary record

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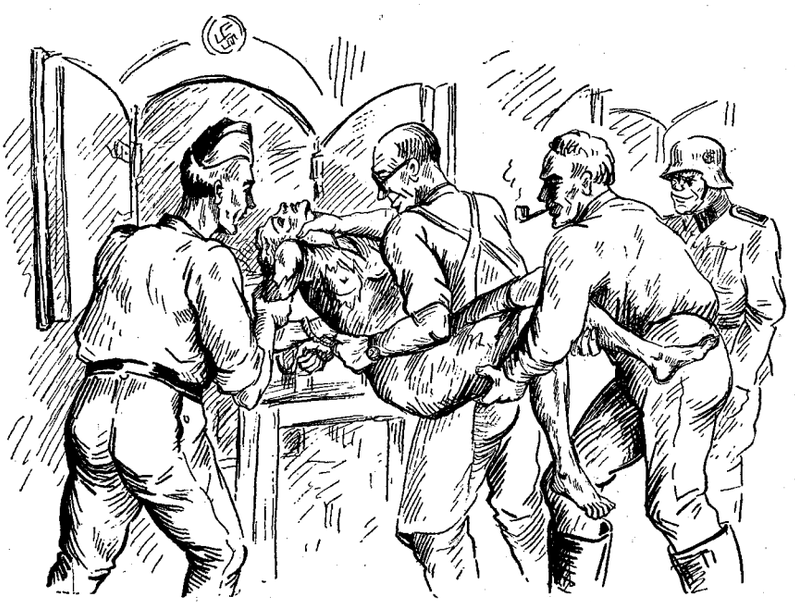
It ends like this . . .

A girl from Gdynia also saw this. Drawings from Maidanek by Carol Lindner.

The women guards were especially sadistic.



This began as anti-Semitism.

of what he saw at Maidanek, incidents verified by other eyewitnesses and by the official documents. They were brought to us from Poland.

And after you have looked, address a letter to the Attorney General, Tom C. Clark, Department of Justice, Washington, D. C., demanding that all the resources of his department be put on tracking down the perpetrators and financial backers of such dangerous smear sheets as that on the opposite page.

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FRANK FAY'S FASCIST FRIENDS

By JOSEPH FOSTER

THE attack by Frank Fay on the five Equity members Margo, Sono Osato, Jean Darling, Luba Malina and David Brooks for appearing at the Spanish Refugee Appeal meeting in Madison Square Garden on September 24 has given the nightshirt press a common issue. Under the guise of being deeply pained over the imminent overthrow of the Catholic church, these organs of native fascism have been blowing the familiar tunes of anti-Semitism and Red-baiting in all their repulsive cacophony. They say that the issue is religion, but they are no more concerned with religion, per se, than were their political masters, the cutthroats of Berlin.

Consider Frank Fay himself, the main attraction in the current whoop-de-do. His anti-Semitism is well known and his numerous brawls on that account are common gossip. Whenever he was in an ugly mood, which was often, his Jew-baiting would take a pugnacious form. As a result he got many a good going over by decent members of his profession. Those who would not put up with storm-troop bullying included Benny Ryan and Billy Halligan, members of his own church, Louis Calhern, and Louis Clayton, Durante's one-time partner. When Fay brought charges in the press against the five aforementioned actors, he himself was rebuked by the Equity Council for his act, and the rebuke was sustained by the membership, including many Catholics, by more than seven to one. When announcements appeared that the "Friends of Frank Fay" were organizing a meeting at Madison Square Garden on January tenth to answer Equity and the "violators" of Catholicism, Toots Shore, the well known restaurateur, was heard to say to Fay, "I didn't know you had any friends." In view of Fay's lack of popular support, the question of where the $15,000 to finance this meeting came from has caused much knowing speculation.

Fay is not unknown to America's Hitler-admirers. He was often seen accompanying Father Coughlin to and from station WOR when the Detroit priest was at the heyday of his power. Thus it is difficult to believe that his attack upon the Spanish Refugee Committee was an individual act.

Let us consider some of Fay's supporters.

Listed as the publicity director for the "Friends of Frank Fay" is one Edward Atwell. It would be more correct to regard him as the director, possibly even as one of the initiators, of this committee. (Katherine MacMahon Stuart, the committee's secretary, is Fay's niece.) Atwell's history goes back quite a way. He first came to notice for unsavory practices when accused by the Non-Sectarian Anti-Nazi League of being an informer for Joseph Kamp, of the Constitutional Educational League, fascist propaganda outlet. Kamp is the author of two pamphlets, *Vote CIO and build a Soviet America*, and *The Fifth Column vs. The Dies Committee*. Atwell was also an organizer, speaker, and office manager for the New York America First Committee, and appeared on the platform with Laura Ingalls, paid Nazi agent, no less than four times. He was also an organizer for Robert Reynolds' American Nationalist Party, an outfit with ambitions to be the top fascist party of the country, and was active on behalf of Senator Langer, a reactionary, anti-United Nations, anti-Soviet isolationist from North Dakota. In addition to his present duties in connection with Frank Fay, Atwell publishes and edits a "newsletter," *Passing Caravan*. A few extracts will make it clear why he takes the Fay vendetta so much to heart.

On the atom bomb: "Russia knows that the atom bomb can stop her world conquest; that secret stands between her and the success of Karl Marx's dream to rule the world."

On the auto strike: "[in] the fight for higher wages . . . the real battle behind the scenes is the first phase of the left-wing plan to socialize America." (General Motors has been pounding on the same phony line in its ads appealing to the public to repudiate the strike.)

More on the strike: "Sidney Hillman [of] the Communist-dominated PAC calls the shots. . . . The shadow of the Kremlin falls heavily on the whole picture." On the New York dock strike: "Give the *American* [my emphasis—J. F.] workers the truth and they will clean out the 'Comrades' in short order. . . . Now that the New York longshoremen know the truth, the left-wingers steer clear of the docks. 'Pop' Ryan's boys play awfully rough, and they are fresh out of patience with the 'comrades.' "

Atwell is opposed to refugees entering the country and attacked the Oswego colony, as did Westbrook Pegler in a recent column. At a meeting of the Independent Political Citizens Committee, a nationalist group that counts among its adherents Eugene Sanctuary, one of the accused in the recent sedition trials, and Hudson De Priest, twice mentioned in sedition indictments, Atwell said "the Russians, alien criminals, who come into this country through shady methods, become powerful leaders of trade unions, and can sway presidential elections. . . . A law must be passed that only native born Americans can become members of the cabinet, and no alien born can be a judge. . . . Frankfurter is one of the most sinister figures to ever appear on the scene. . . . He was an agent of a hidden power. . . ."

On December first, Atwell wrote, "The fight to give America back to Americans is under way." I would not be surprised if, while wording this battlecry, he had the Frank Fay racket well in mind. Thus the chief "friend of Frank Fay" is for white supremacy, calls for violence, is anti-Soviet, anti-union, anti-Semitic, hates the foreign born; in short supports a program that one cannot distinguish by one iota from that of the *geist* of Berchtesgaden.

IN FULL cry and right behind Atwell is the feverish "nationalist" press, garbling, distorting, manufacturing news to suit its purposes. First and foremost, an honor it will yield to no one, comes the Hearst press, whose zeal has kept the Fay issue alive and turned it into a national uproar. Fay himself refers people to the *Journal-American* for the "true facts" of the case. This paper, with Howard Rushmore in charge, has published on the average of one piece every three days, exclusive of editorials. Other sheets include the notorious *Chicago Tribune*, the *Gaelic-American*, house organ for New York Coughlinites, and the *Gentile News*, "published monthly by Gentiles for Gentiles." This paper was once pub-

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lished by the Gentile Cooperative Association, an anti-Semitic outfit deprived of its charter by the State of Illinois. The paper continues, however. Founder of the Association is Eugene Flitcraft, pal of Homer K. Maertz, whose fascist activities were exposed previously in NEW MASSES [October 23 and 30]. As a delegate to Gerald L. K. Smith's presidential convention in 1944, this ex-convict, Bundist, and Silver Shirter called for the sterilization of Jews. In a leading editorial, *Gentile News* took its hat off to Frank Fay, "A real American—a true Christian." Other supporters of Frank Fay are *The Leader*, West Coast Coughlinite sheet, the *National Republic*, which Army Intelligence labelled "a fascist organization," and *The Brooklyn Tablet*, Christian Front paper.

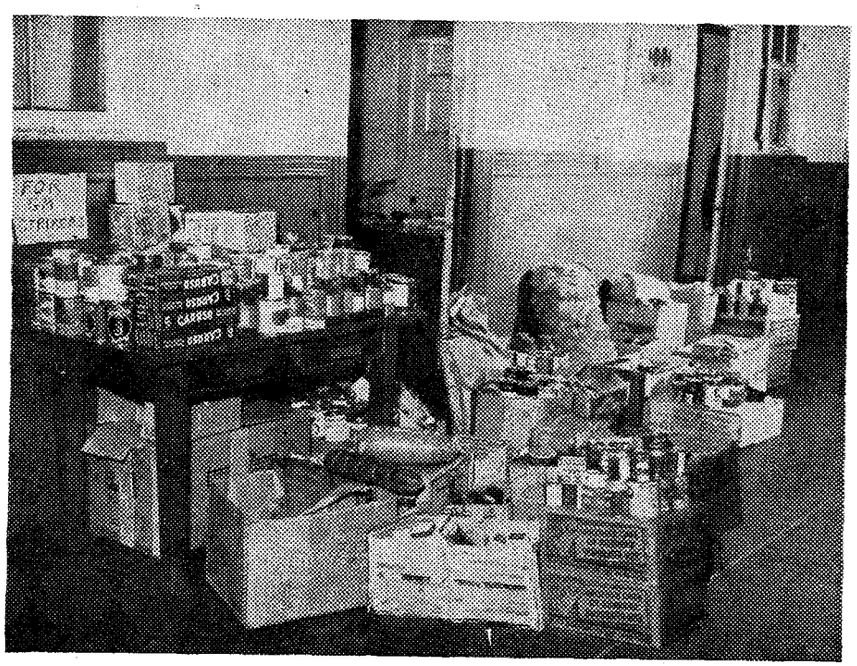
The pattern is clear. It is apparent that these Capones of politics, in attacking an organization that campaigns for the ouster of Franco, are not so much concerned for Catholicism as for the preservation of Franco. That their clamor arises at a time when France, England and America are planning to consider, jointly, the case against Franco, is far from accidental. When Franco goes, they will have lost the last organized stronghold of fascism in Europe, and its attendant influence on South American and subsequently on US politics.

This worry was reflected in a recent Brooklyn *Tablet* editorial which, while beating the drums for Fay, says that "Spain today is orderly. Spain has not fought the United States. She was benevolently neutral in the recent war, and beneficial to the United States. Neither is Spain any threat to the future of the United States. . . . Dean Acheson [is] the confidante of Spanish anti-Christians." He "recently received two Spaniards, militant anti-Christians." (The editorial refers to the State Department visits of Juan Negrin and Fernando de los Rios.) "Could anything more ridiculous be presented to the world than Great Britain, in bankruptcy . . . and France seething with division, lawlessness and instability, sitting down to discuss the future of a healthy nation?"

The House Committee on Un-American Activities, ever-ready from the early days of Dies to investigate anybody attacked by the above-mentioned groups or papers, has entered the lists by attaching the financial reports, books and records of the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee. The concern of the Un-American Committee was well articulated by David Sentner, *Journal-American* Washington correspondent, who said in part in his column of January third that "the reported use of vast sums collected from a gullible American public by Red Front groups, purportedly for refugee relief, but actually to finance the Communist anti-Catholic propaganda drive through South America, was under investigation today. The result of the probe will be revealed in an official report to Congress when the latter body convenes on January fourteenth by the House Committee on Un-American Activities. This study . . . stemmed from its probe of an anti-Catholic rally held in Madison Square Garden under the auspices of a Communist front organization."

What has really caused the Rankin committee to sit up and take notice was the fact that the Brazilian Communists received ten percent of the total vote cast in a recent national election. Why the committee is sticking its nose into South American politics is a matter for conjecture. The commitee has never once turned a hair at the many reports of fascist un-American activity in South America. Is it concerned with the possible mismanagement of funds? There are other designated legal groups whose function it is to worry about such things. The House Committee on Un-American Activities must have at least heard of Franco's fascist reputation. Then why doesn't the committee investigate Fay and his pals who defend Franco, rather than the organization which demands his removal? Or am I being naive?

There is no doubt that the nightriders are out in full force again, using all their friends in and out of power to smash the victory against fascism. A commentator recently observed that fascism was like a band with players scattered all over the Western Hemisphere. The director and the principal players are gone, but that will not prevent the players here and there from playing the old refrains. Well, "The Friends of Frank Fay" are tootling away, trying to revive the old full-lunged brassado. The ouster of Franco and his cohorts will cut their horns down considerably.



This is both a sample and a memo. It is a sample of the food which NM has been collecting in its hall the past two weeks to give the army of the picketline its stomach to march on. It's a memo to you that the stomach gets hungry over and over again, and that because the battle is a big one you can't possibly oversubscribe your support. NM's last batch went to the Fisher and Chevrolet workers on the GM front at Tarrytown, 4,500 strong. Bring in your contributions, either from your pocketbook—in which case we will order the beans and coffee—or straight from your pantry shelf. Make it staples and canned goods rather than luxuries. If you are in New York, come to New Masses' office, 104 East Ninth St., Room 388. Readers outside New York should get in touch with their local CIO councils, either city or state, to find out where to bring their contributions. This is a battle you don't dare lose. Make sure it has ammunition.

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THE GALLANT SHIP

By HOWARD FAST

BEFORE the war, the gray ships had a certain individuality, a name, a color, a flag; but with that curtain of gray came anonymity, a fleet of faceless ghost ships, even the ships' names turned down on hinged boards. The gray ships became an accepted commonplace; one night they filled a harbor; the next night they were gone. To the layman, there was nothing to differentiate them; seen from Riverside Drive in New York, from the docks at Antwerp, or from the beach at Iwo, the gray hulls were peas out of the same pod. The minute difference which told a Liberty from a Victory from a C2 went unnoticed; the shape of a kingpost or the curve of a hull mattered not at all, and the names in the newspapers, when the gray ships were launched or sent to the bottom of the sea, only added to the commonplace, a thousand names like: Joseph T. Lincoln, Franklin Jones, Mark Smith, Isaac Sempner, Marcus Pollack, Arnold Schofield—names so peculiarly and unostentatiously American that they robbed finally the first and last breath of romance.

So even to the men who sailed them, dead ships went to a nameless graveyard. They were expendable in the fullest sense of the word. A cruiser or a flattop might come limping back to port, battle-scarred but undefeated, ready to rest in the Navy Yard until her wounds were healed and go to sea once more, the same crew on her, the same guns anxious to talk again; but such a thing was almost unknown with a merchant ship. When the torpedo struck and super-heated steam at 700 degrees filled the engine room, annihilating life almost instantaneously, the gray ship's career was over; those who could manned the boats and rafts and got away; the ship and the dead went down. On an ammunition ship, the result was quicker and more spectacular, a Fourth of July cascade, and then nothing at all; on a tanker, a flaming sea made an end to the story. And those who survived went onto another ship. Some men were dogged by bad luck, and ship after ship went down under them, until their whole past was a hazy memory of crash and explosion.

Thus it was somewhat unusual for the men on the *Gray Victory* to talk of ships rather than men. It happened one afternoon in the Bay of Bengal that a wiper told of the gallant ship he was on. The first gallant ship. A turn of phrase is not a rare thing among seamen, and I thought he had used "gallant" in a purely descriptive sense.

"It's an award," he said. "Like the Purple Heart. Only they give it to ships."

An AB snorted: "What ships? I never heard of it."

"I heard of it," the third engineer said. "They give it to ships."

"Anyway, this was the first 'gallant ship.' It was a long time ago. In the bad times."

THE sun was hot; there was just enough of a pitch and a roll to the ship to lull the men, to bring up things they hadn't talked about recently. The AB, who had sailed all through the bad times, demanded, "How could there be one gallant ship? How could there be one special? I went out with a convoy to Murmansk, and there were forty ships to begin with, and there were only three at the end, two Liberties and a tanker. So where do you start and where do you finish?"

The wiper said it wasn't he who had given out the award. He just happened to be on the ship, and the ship happened to get the citation.

"I supose you pinned the Purple Heart onto her bow," the electrician said.

"No, I don't think so—."

"What run?" the AB wanted to know.

"Tobruk to Alex. They needed stuff in Tobruk, so we went in there and came back to Alex."

"Short run," someone said.

"It was a short run and the weather was nice," the wiper agreed. "The Mediterranean was like a sheet of blue glass, and the moonlit nights were so pretty they made you want to cry. But we had Stukas for twelve days." He made a long, wide motion with his hand. "Twelve days. Like hens laying eggs on us."

"No convoy?" someone said.

"Sure, we had two destroyers and a PC. But the Stukas finished them. Then we had some Spitfires, but not enough. The Stukas laid two on the topside, and there was no more bridge. We had ammo in number two hatch, and they laid on that. My goodness, it was like the fair at home in the summer, and it was just a wonder that we stayed in one piece. That was my watch, and we sprung a pipe, just a little, but the second got it on the face and side and it was a whole day before he died. We got out of the engine room, and the chief cursed us back, and the steam was still making. We used the emergency steering gear aft—."

"Was that going in or going out?" the AB asked.

"Going into Tobruk. Going back to Alex we thought we would have a nice run, and maybe lay in the sunshine a little, but the Stukas came back and cleaned out the three-inch gun crew. So the ensign ran aft to what was left of the deckhouse, asking for volunteers. The steward was in the last war in the artillery, and he came in with three messmen, but the first shot blew off the breech block and killed the steward."

"You must have looked like a butcher shop," the third engineer remarked.

"We looked awful bad," the wiper admitted. "It came so it was a relief to go down to the engine room and not see all them things—I mean for a little while it was a relief. The vents were all smashed and it was hot down there. The Stuka dropped a dud down where the smokestack had been, and there was an oiler who was just a kid; he began to cry and he just cried all the rest of the trip." After a moment's pause and silence, the wiper remembered that thirty-three men had been killed in the crew. "Not counting the Armed Guard," he said.

"Did you ever get her back to stateside?"

"We got her back," the wiper nodded. "But it was an awful slow trip on the Atlantic. It took us thirty-three days from Gibralter to stateside. Same as the men in the crew who were killed. A day for each man. I wrote a letter to the *Daily News* about it, but they never printed it."

"You should have wrote to Pegler," the third engineer said.

The AB remembered that he and his friends had written to Pegler, but had no answer. "We sent him a big postcard," the AB said. "It was after a run to Murmansk where a lot of good ships kissed off. There was an ammo ship running abreast of us in convoy, and a torpedo hit it, and it went up like a puff of smoke. We were so close

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the concussion ripped clothes off men on our ship, and a piece of their bulkhead was imbedded in the deckhouse. We left it there across and back, and then at home we ripped it out and had it polished down and engraved with the names of the guys on the ammo ship. We sent it to Pegler, but we got no answer."

I recalled Pegler's series of columns attacking the merchant service, and watched these men quietly working off their dislike. They were not violently aggressive; they accepted the fact that Pegler had the last word in print; but, one by one, they took out of their memories the sinkings, the blackout collisions, the bombings, the long, thirsty days in the open boats. These were commonplaces, and ordinarily, it was not considered in the best of taste to bring up old sinkings. But a writer being there made them conscious that perhaps a piece of this or a piece of that might hold on, gain the permanence of being put on a page of print. They were slow-speaking men, and whatever the happening, it came from their lips reduced in size, robbed of color, blood-stained sometimes, but mostly as a vague and not too eager memory. They mixed ports in their talk, and they varied the seas. For those who had been in it from the beginning—and there were not many, so great had their casualties been at the beginning—there was an anonymous parade of ships, tankers and Liberties and Victories which for half a decade had plodded back and forth between the continents. And like threads connecting it all, there was the hammering bell of general quarters, the piercing blast which called them to boat stations, the list to one side or another, the constant factors of a ship going down. . . .

I asked them what they had thought of the moving picture, *Action in the North Atlantic*.

"It wasn't a bad picture," the wiper said. "But it gave the public the wrong impression. It gave them the impression that we were a bunch of roughnecks."

The AB said, "Bogart's all right. But how long's a ship's officer going to last if he's a toughie like that? An officer's no good unless he knows how to act decent. You don't want to meet a quieter bunch of guys than ships' officers."

And someone else said: "You can't go nowhere on a ship. You got to learn to live with people; you got to learn to give and take. My word, Bogart, he didn't even have courtesy; he wasn't a gentleman."

READERS' FORUM

Women as Artists

TO NEW MASSES: The brief notice by Moses Soyer on the death of Kaethe Kollwitz can hardly be considered fitting for an artist of her stature. His statement that: "It is strong, vigorous work and only in the compassionate tenderness of her many 'Mother and Child' versions could the uninitiated divine the hand of a woman" reveals the most revolting kind of male chauvinism. Implicit in this kind of differentiation between the content of the work of men and women artists is the obnoxious bourgeois chauvinist concept that only a man's art can be strong and profound and that woman's role as a child-bearer makes it impossible for her to produce work of the depth and heroic strength and eternal significance of a Kaethe Kollwitz.

It should be pointed out that history has produced many women in the mold of Kaethe Kollwitz, like Zoya Cosmodemyanskaya, Mme. Curie, Wanda Wasilewska, Eleanor Roosevelt, La Pasionaria, Mother Bloor and others, but not until women all over the world are free, as they are in the Soviet Union and men like Moses Soyer rid themselves of their beourgeois ideology of "*Kinder, Kuchen und Kirche*" will there be a full flowering of creative intellectual and cultural forces latent in the workingclass as a whole and in its doubly-oppressed section—women. To conclude, I was deeply shocked to read this article in NEW MASSES.

BETTY SMITH.

New York.

Left-wing Publishing

TO NEW MASSES: Isidor Schneider's comments on the subject of the "USSR and American Publishing" in the November 27 issue of NM were very timely. I should like to amplify and project his remarks in several directions.

I'm sure that most NM readers realize the difficulty involved in trying to get an honest book about the Soviet Union into the hands of a publisher who will issue it and provide the promotion which will sell it. While the best works about the USSR do eventually get published and circulate "in obscure left-wing media" and do reach an audience, the same cannot be said for the many good progressive books on other subjects which die a-borning because for them there is usually no publisher at all.

The left-wing publisher is either too short-sighted or too busy printing the Marxist classics to encourage new works. England can point to Palme Dutt's *Fascism and Social Revolution*, to Hyman Levy's *Philosophy for Modern Man*, to Ralph Fox's works on the novel and on Lenin. There is Bernal's *The Social Function of Science*, there is J. B. S. Haldane's galaxy of works, and there are a host of others. The English have several wide awake liberal publishers. And they print classics too. They consequently have developed authors and new classics, as well as an audience which is calling for more.

The situation in Canada is similar. Here in the US, Simon and Schuster published *The Rainbow* and that ended the matter. The Canadians thought otherwise and their progressive publishers reprinted the book and sold it in Chicago for about twenty-five cents a copy to a wide audience. They have also published other works of a progressive nature at low cost and angled for mass circulation.

There is a ray of sunshine in this otherwise somewhat gloomy picture. We do have two great distributive forces for progressive books in the USA. One is the progressive book store; the other is that great new progressive instrument, the Book Find Club, which has circulated such works as *Freedom Road*, *Deep River*, *George Washington Carver*, etc. Here is an instrument for wider distribution and one which will encourage progressive writers to finish their works. However, book club selections must be suitable for large groups of readers, 50,000 or more, and cannot therefore be specialized. We still need a progressive publisher with imagination.

MIKE BAKER.

Chicago.

Australians: Please Note

TO NEW MASSES: Hope your readers in Australia will get a chance to see Sender Garlin's new pamphlet, "Enemies of the Peace." Claire Luce, W. H. Chamberlin, Jan Valtin, Dallin, Barmine and writers for the *Reader's Digest* whom he exposes are often quoted by the reactionary press in Australia, and the ammunition Mr. Garlin provides would come in handy to Australian progressives. New York.

D. B.

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CORRECTION: An editorial note last week incorrectly listed Andre Malraux, now French Minister of Information, as a member of France's MRP (Popular Republican Movement). M. Malraux has no party affiliations.

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WHAT TRUMAN ISN'T TELLING LABOR

By THE EDITORS

THE massive brasses of the General Motors strike, the Stamford general strike, the impending struggles in steel, electrical and radio, packing, telegraph, etc., all but drowned out the soloist of the evening, Harry S. Truman. But even without that thunderous accompaniment, his would have been a feeble performance. This falsetto boldness and plaintive pleading puffed up as statesmanship only served to accent the depths of administration bankruptcy in the face of the mounting national crisis.

What is the central problem before the country? It is to combat the efforts of predatory big business to institute a high profits, low purchasing power and limited employment economy. This is the "free enterprise" way, the way of the trusts and union-smashers, of the would-be world conquerors. It is the way of short-lived boom and long-lived bust. This is what the unions are fighting. This is what all the middle-class allies of labor are fighting.

Is there anything in Mr. Truman's speech which helps that fight? Well, he did say Congress ought to pass the full employment bill, Senate version. Yes, as on two or three other occasions the President is four-square in favor of virtue and against sin. But where was he last month when he had an opportunity to *do* something about the full employment bill? Why did he keep his mouth shut and his hands in his pockets while his own leaders in the House rammed through a castrated bill that even excised the term "full employment"? Yes, once more Mr. Truman spoke up for a permanent Fair Employment Practice Committee. It's getting to be a habit. And in between speeches he sabotages FEPC by such actions as his recent countermanding of an FEPC order against discrimination by the Capital Transit Co. in Washington, D. C.

Even if the President were to fight for the program which he presented in his September message to Congress—and he has done anything but fight—so much has happened since then that this program by itself does not even scratch the surface of the big problem facing us all. The core of that problem is labor's battle to maintain purchasing power—to maintain the power to buy more food, clothing, housing, medical care, etc., than would otherwise be the case. This is not the whole problem, by any means. It does not, for example, deal with governmental measures to release the principal levers of our economy from the grip of the monopolists—measures that face toward nationalization of banking and our principal industries. But today this labor battle is decisive, the key that unlocks all sorts of other issues. And it involves more than the question of take-home pay: it involves the very existence of the unions as vigorous, progressive organizations capable of slugging it out where the people's welfare is at stake.

WHAT does Mr. Truman's speech offer us on this score? He evades the whole question of take-home pay. He evades the whole question of the profits of big industry. He evades the whole question of industry's sabotage of production in order to force up prices and beat down labor. He comes to grips with nothing (oh yes, he does slap General Motors on the wrist for walking out on his fact-finding board). He merely repeats his plea for "cooling off" legislation that would bind labor's strength and inaugurate a domestic Munich—like every Munich, in the name of peace. The President thus gives a noble example of appealing to all sides for cooperation while the country is being sucked into the whirlpool of monopolistic greed. In effect it is abject surrender.

B. Golden

Nor can we join with *PM* and other liberals in picturing Mr. Truman as honest Joe Doakes plugging away at a job that's too big for him and needing lots of help from the folks back home. This tender portrait of the man who has turned his back on the Roosevelt heritage is drawn by the very newspaper which was in the habit of casting FDR out into utter darkness every other Thursday on charges of "betrayal."

Harry S. Truman is president of the richest and most powerful monopoly capitalist country in the world. Having helped put its German and Japanese competitors out of business, this capitalism is now thrusting toward larger power at home and abroad. And Truman has shown by his handling of both foreign and domestic affairs that whether from weakness or conviction he aims to serve, not challenge, the forces of capitalist tyranny and aggression. This doesn't mean that he cannot be swayed by counter-pressures. But we must understand in what direction his course is set if we would alter it by one inch.

The men and women of auto, steel, packing and other industries are fighting. They fight for the nation. And increasingly the nation responds. A National Citizens Committee has been formed to raise funds for the General Motors strikers; it includes such distinguished members as Eleanor Roosevelt, Henry Morgenthau, Jr., Archbishop Bernard J. Sheil, Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam, Leon Henderson, Lt. Col. Evans F. Carlson. A nationwide alignment is potentially in the making not only to provide food for strikers, but to provide political leadership for all. In Stamford, Conn., we have seen a small-scale model of that labor unity which must be the foundation stone of this movement. It is this welded labor strength that can draw to it the energies of the farmers and the small business and professional people. One of these days this movement may strike out with a party of its own, but in any event it will strike out. And this is a power that *neither* Truman *nor* Congress can ignore.

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NM SPOTLIGHT

The Betrayal Continues

On December 27 Secretary Byrnes subscribed to the Moscow conference declaration in the drafting of which he shared responsibility with the foreign ministers of the Soviet Union and Great Britain. Regarding China the declaration stated the three nations' agreement "as to the need for a unified and democratic China . . . and for a cessation of civil strife." Mr. Byrnes specifically pledged the withdrawal of American forces from North China as soon as their responsibilities were discharged or the Chinese government was in a position to discharge these responsibilities itself. He has elsewhere described these responsibilities as being the disarming and repatriation of Japanese troops. Immediately following its publication Chiang Kai-shek's government announced full approval of the Moscow Declaration and referred particularly to those bearing on the Far East.

Yet both Chiang Kai-shek and the Truman administration have already both broken the letter of the Moscow declaration as it pertains to China and violated its spirit. The American government continues to use its armed forces for the purposes of imperialist intervention, not for the carrying out of its obligations regarding the Japanese army. In sharp contrast to Manchuria, where the Soviet Union has long since disarmed the enemy, the Americans in North China are using armed Japanese for police duties. American forces and equipment are being actively employed to weight the internal balance in favor of the corrupt and reactionary Kuomintang dictatorship. Leading American spokesmen, moreover, have stated since the results of the Moscow Conference were published that they intended not only not to withdraw the US forces but to increase them.

Chiang Kai-shek, for his part, made a New Year speech virtually identical with the ones he made last New Year and the year before. He made no gesture toward the formation of a coalition government. On the contrary, he specifically called for a continuance of Kuomintang rule and for the elimination of the Communist-led armies. His willingness to bring certain democratic forces into the Kuomintang setup is a completely empty gesture, for no changes in China can have any meaning whatsoever that do not strike at the heart of the dictatorship and substitute for it an entirely new form of government.

The Chiang Kai-shek government simultaneously and on the eve of the new negotiations in Chungking has launched a large-scale attack upon the Communist-held and Communist-liberated province of Jehol, north of Peiping and west of the Manchurian provinces.

It becomes evident then that neither the Chungking nor the Truman government regards the current negotiations sincerely. Instead they seek to sabotage the agreements while trying to confuse the world and their own publics by going through the motions of negotiation and by issuing high-sounding statements.

Fortunately neither Truman nor Chiang have full control of the situation. Chiang, in particular, is virtually powerless except for what artificial strength he can muster from his gestapo terrorists and from the support he is currently obtaining from American imperialists. Truman is beset by difficulties at home, largely of his own making, and by the well-nigh universal mistrust which the policies of his administration have engendered here and abroad.

All the forces of decency, all those who look forward to a world in which there can be peace and security, all anti-fascists and anti-imperialists are opposed to what Chiang and the American government are trying to do in China. The latter will not, therefore, have things entirely their own way. The immediate danger, however, is that they can muster sufficient strength to block a genuine settlement of the Chinese internal conflict. It is against that danger that the American people and the Chinese people must struggle together.

End Morganism!

We can add little to the thunderous condemnation that has met Lt. Gen. Morgan's statement on refugee Jews in Germany. It was as vile as anything Hitlerdom ever produced and smacks, as Dr. Stephen S. Wise put it, of the Elders of Zion forgery of a century ago. But let us not be too surprised that a British administrator of UNRRA made the remarks he did. It is part of the whole pattern of Whitehall's ruthlessness in destroying the effort of thousands of Jews to find a haven in Palestine. Morgan merely bespoke what was in essence the theme of Foreign Secretary Bevin's statement last November 13. It is part of the treatment Jews have been receiving in the British zone of Germany—although we are not for a moment forgetting the scandalous attitude held by American brass hats. It is a pattern which found its most sickening expression when the defense attorney at the Belsen trial, a British major, referred to the Jews in Germany as the "scum of the ghetto."

To be sure there is anti-Semitism in Poland and Jews are leaving that country just as other Jews are remaining behind to help reconstruct a Polish democracy where anti-Semitism will be but a dismal memory. The Polish government has taken extraordinary measures to wipe out the anti-Semitic terrorists directed by Gen. Wladislaw Anders, a leading light of the bankrupt Polish exile group in London.

These underground assassins are aided by special emissaries from Anders' staff who are supported by British government money. And the whole objective of the British foreign office is to terrify those Jews who wish to immigrate to Palestine by pooh-poohing their plight in Europe. Not only has the British government discontinued any immigration into Palestine but it has even rescinded its promise to allow 1,500 a month into the country pending the recommendations of the so-called Anglo-American Inquiry Commission. Quite apparently London will stop at nothing to advance its imperialist domain in the Near and Middle East. It will resort to racism, to terror, to all the weapons of divide-and-rule. Nor can our own administration evade responsibility for the crisis. By not being forthright in demanding immediate revocation of the White Paper, it has in ef-

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Lenin Lives

TWENTY-TWO years ago this month Vladimir Ilitch Lenin died; were he to walk the earth today he would find the nation he founded more deeply rooted in the regard of mankind than at any time since the Revolution. And millions throughout the world will honor the Soviet people for their immortal contribution to the destruction of fascist military might.

Here in the United States, the Communist Party of New York is commemorating Lenin's death at Madison Square Garden, January 16. The giant meeting will, as the statement of the Communist leaders indicated, "make clear the intimate connection between the leadership and teaching of Lenin and the current fight of the Party to rally labor and the people in the fight for peace, democracy, high wages, jobs, and security." Issues to be spotlighted, the committee declared, will be higher wages for labor; the struggle of the Chinese and Indonesian peoples for independence; immigration to Palestine for the homeless Jews of Europe, a permanent FEPC, full rights for veterans and no discrimination in the armed forces.

It is most fitting, therefore, that the meeting will honor the American Communists—7,500 from New York, 15,500 from the nation—who fought for these issues in World War II. Many bemedalled veterans will participate, and one of them, Robert Thompson, holder of the Distinguished Service Cross, will be a principal speaker.

A highlight of the meeting will be a dramatization of world events since V-J Day in which the voice of Lenin, recorded shortly after the Russian Revolution, will be heard. We know that thousands of our New York readers will attend, and the committee in charge has urged everybody to bring at least one can of food for the collection of canned goods for auto and other strikes that will be taken at the entrance of the Garden.

fect bolstered the British position. Here again the only solution of the Palestinian problem, short of its submission to the UNO for settlement, lies in a tripartite agreement.

All Together

LAST week a new element of profound importance was introduced in the current strike wave to maintain a decent American living standard. Fifteen thousand organized workers of Stamford, Conn., took a half day off to demonstrate their solidarity and support for the ten-week-old strike of 3,000 Yale & Towne employes. Virtually the entire economic life of the community came to a standstill. Many retail stores voluntarily closed in sympathy with this significant action of their best customers and neighbors. The public generally displayed a favorable attitude to this orderly and commendable demonstration. Stamford is a union town. The striking workers belong to the AFL. The CIO unions joined the AFL unions in the common effort to help their striking brothers win their just demands.

The Yale & Towne corporation is run by an arrogant open-shop, company-town type of management that looks upon its workers as feudal serfs, on their trade unions as conspiracies and on the strike as a form of slave insurrection. During the war they repeatedly violated National Labor Board directives and sent hired spies into the workers' union. They are now determined to smash the trade unions and reduce the Stamford industrial community to its pre-war open-shop status and substandard living conditions. In a word, the Yale & Towne management is acting in the same spirit as General Motors, the steel trust and other industrial monopolies.

The significant element in the Stamford strike is the unity of action of the CIO and AFL unions manifested in the half-day "extended lunch hour," in the formation of the strike emergency Combined Labor Organization and in the development of the good-will and support of virtually the entire community. Stamford offers an excellent example to all industrial communities of how to achieve active trade union unity and on this solid foundation proceed to erect an all-inclusive people's front in the community to support the just demands of wage earners on whose incomes and security the well-being of the entire community ultimately rests.

While the Stamford example of trade union and community solidarity arose from the strike emergency and may well spread to other industrial communities it is also a forerunner of the type of democratic united front that can be utilized to strive for and achieve unity of action on many other pressing local and national issues.

Blum's "Constitution"

(*Continued from page* 11)

lead to totalitarian dangers. It would be absurd to give to a new fascism the legal means with which to bind our arms. We have seen that in Germany and Italy: the dictators in those countries used the regulations forged by the democrats."

The problem could scarcely be better put. And the writer's suggestion that control should therefore be "mutual" hardly appears to make any sort of sense at all as a way out of the morass into which he and his friends have walked so happily.

A remark of Engels' is particularly striking when the present line of the Socialists is considered: "We have recently seen the appearance, since Bismarck has been engaged in state-building, of a certain false socialism which, even degenerating here and there into a kind of servility, declares right away that all nationalizations—even those of Bismarck—are socialism. Indeed, if the nationalization of the tobacco industry were a socialist measure, Napoleon and Metternich would count among the founders of socialism."

There are still three months left in which to hammer out these problems, and there is no doubt that the last word has not yet been spoken. The fight for a genuine democracy, clear-headed and making sense in the actual conditions of 1946, will be sharp and vigorous. The National Constituent Assembly in the coming months will be the arena in which the genuine teachings of Karl Marx and those who followed him will give battle to the "Marxism" and political confusion of Leon Blum, supported by the Vatican-dominated "Catholic socialism" of his friends in the MRP.

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REVIEW and COMMENT

HENRY JAMES & OTHER MATTERS

By ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

In a recent column Mike Gold presented some new planks in his anti-James campaign. He asserts that he would rather have Mark Twain, and that Trotskyite intellectuals have flocked to James.

First, to enjoy Twain it is not necessary to deny ourselves James. Why deprive the people of any part of their cultural heritage?

On the second point, I must remind Mike that the Trotskyite intellectuals also have professed to be disciples of Marx, Engels and Lenin. Do we allow that to discredit the great masters of dialectical materialism?

There are incidental comments in Mike's column that I must also touch on. He speaks, for example, of the "forgotten James" as if that great writer were being perversely disinterred by literary necrophiles after having been satisfactorily laid away. But, from my first consciousness of literature, back in 1910, I remember James as always being a force. Any writer would like to be as forgotten as James.

Mike says that James "in the last analysis was concerned with minor themes." James concerned himself with human relations which, in itself, is never a minor theme. And James brought to it a psychological penetration and an intellectual honesty that are the marks of a major approach.

In saying that I granted James to be heavy going, even for the highly literate, Mike does not quote me accurately. I wrote "*Some* of his work is heavy going for any but the highly literate." Much of James can be enjoyed by the average novel reader. Two of his novels are in that popular series "The Modern Library," and stories by James are in practically all the standard anthologies.

But I am most disturbed by the paragraph: "The intellectuals assembling around James today are vulgar with the vulgarity that is the final trait of snobs and egotists."

"The intellectuals assembling around James" are no special brand. They are just intellectuals. Mike's statement puts them before the workers as scapegoats, not as allies. It plays right into the hands of the class enemy who would like nothing better than to renew and widen the breach between workers and intellectuals. The leaders of the labor movement and progressive intellectuals have been working together for a decade to close that breach.

SOVIET LITERARY DISCUSSIONS

At the recent conference on Soviet Literature held by the National Council on American Soviet Relations, John Hersey reported on a discussion held by Soviet writers in Moscow on his novel *A Bell for Adano*, which had just appeared in a Soviet translation. Mr. Hersey commented, "The remarks were wholly frank. . . . They spoke completely openly, as they might before each other, of things which I know the Press Department of the Foreign Office would certainly have censored them. . . . Another point was the extraordinary literary tact these critics and writers showed. There was, as I remember, not a single reference to a Soviet writer. All the allusions were to Western writers. There was a shrewd reference to Balzac. Zelinsky spoke of Bernard Shaw. . . . And there were many other such touches, as well as allusions to Charles Chaplin, Van Gogh, and so on . . . all Western images. . . . The concluding paragraph of the last speech seems to me exceedingly appropriate as a conclusion to this panel. Karaganov said: 'We, who establish cultural contact with foreign countries cannot just limit ourselves to an exchange of telegrams of greetings. We must openly say what we think of one another. We must speak frankly. Even if some harsh words have been spoken here—perhaps words which were unpleasant for the author—we spoke among ourselves not as diplomats, but as writers. We spoke frankly, harshly, and this fact is proof of our friendly attitude.'"

Further evidence of the serious and outspoken character of these Soviet writers' discussions may be gained from the remarks by the Soviet writer Bek, at a discussion on the new Soviet man as delineated in Soviet war novels. Bek, who received the Stalin award (similar to our Pulitzer prize) for a novel based on the experiences of a Kazakh Red Army officer, said: "My book does not give the answer. Why? Because I have not yet found it myself. Why? Because I have not yet reached a clear conception of what the Soviet man really is. It would seem that this should not be difficult. Books and pamphlets have been written on this subject. Classical formulas are given in the history of the Party and in Stalin's speeches. But perhaps it is characteristic of writers that they must find things out for themselves and not simply accept ready-made formulas. We are all propagandists of our world and our ideas and so we should be. But this is not a solution for an artist because there is a difference between literature and propaganda which must be clear to anyone who writes. Literature is obliged to make discoveries, a thing which is not required of propaganda. It is possible, of course, for us to combine discoveries and propaganda, but the distinguishing characteristic of the writer's profession is precisely that the writer must accomplish this in his own way, discover what no one before him has discovered, and tell about it in his own way."

MR. DEWEY'S RELIGION

"You are invited to join a naturalistic religious circle of people, including John Dewey, who believe that more important than atomic research is the development of a new cultural basis for individual integrity and social harmony." In the listed contents of the December issue of *The Walden Round Robin*, the magazine issued by the "circle," Christ is claimed as a "naturalist."

Whatever else "religious naturalism" may be it is obviously a feeder into the renegade main highway from socialism into mysticism recently publicized by Mr. Koestler after his arrival into Yogi. It is characteristic of this latest flight from socialism, reason and reality that its refugees, who had already turned

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their backs on the new world realized in the socialist Soviet Union, now turn from the new world discovered in the atom. Their "cultural basis" can prop up nothing but air when it denies these basic realities of the time.

ON MEDIOCRITY

THE mediocre is, and always will be, with us. Its levels rise or sink and its patterns constantly change, but there never has been any golden age, nor can we look forward to any radium age of no mediocrity.

Most past mediocrity has dropped away giving the illusion that once all were giants. But the mediocrity encysted, through religious causes, in the Bible, reminds us that Hebrew literature had its mediocre levels. We know that the surviving Greek tragedies were screened out from the mediocre by competitions, even before the screening out by time. And the "poetasters" flayed by the Elizabethan wits make it clear that the mediocre were around, in their inevitable majority, in that Golden Age.

I am prompted to these observations by some passages in Ralph Fox's valuable book *The Novel and the People*, which has just been republished and which I shall review in a later issue. Fox does what indignant critics as far back as there is literary record have done before him; he blames "the times," in this instance capitalism, for the prevailing mediocrity.

For mediocrity itself, as I have tried to show above, the times are not to blame. But, and this is the distinction Marxist critics must make and define, capitalism *is* responsible for the low level of contemporary mediocrity and for the dreadfully artificial and submoral character of its patterns. There has probably not been a time since the disintegration of Roman society when cultural patterns reflected such corruption.

How directly the patterns are set by capitalist conditioning can be seen in the radio pattern, with its audible, self-contained, psychological conditioner, the sponsor's spiel; and the popular magazine pattern with its visible, self-contained, psychological conditioner, the display advertisement.

But the invisible and inaudible capitalist conditioners are even more decisive. They function with a complexity difficult to unravel. It is by their decision that the theme of beautiful youth overcoming all obstacles to unending amour dominates our cultural expression. They govern the process which, acting in defense of the "American dream" and in deference to important pressure groups, ends in replacing all living tissue with synthetics.

Studies of these processes, the intricate pressures and pulls that weave our cultural patterns, are important tasks ahead for Marxist criticism.

ACA Gallery

"The Night Watchman," oil by Gregorio Prestopino.

Without Cinderella

CROSS SECTION, 1945, *edited by Edwin Seaver. Fischer. $3.50.*

"CROSS SECTION, 1945," like its predecessor a year ago, is a gloomy survey of the American scene at home and abroad and has already brought forth anguished cries from reviewers condemned to reviewing books for a livelihood. The editor of this collection, Edwin Seaver, deserves congratulations for gathering representative stories, novelettes and poems and for disregarding the commercial field entirely, with its regimen of roseate compositions designed to cheer the reader and to keep him cheerful ad nauseam. Mr. Seaver, like the editorial trio of the five *American Caravans* of bygone years, must have earned the reputation of harboring gloom in his soul and of encouraging only those authors who share his midnight cell. Yet I can say for him, as I can for the trio, that he must have prayed for at least one manuscript which was not alone cheerful but well written. And now he is doubtless under accusation of formulating a *Cross Section* style as we were once accused of a *Caravan* style.

The resemblance between the two movements is noteworthy because it re-

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veals that certain American authors of the past decade have concerned themselves with life as it is, not as it should be or would be if it were Cinderella, and they deserve respect for raising purely artistic standards above all others. As Mr. Seaver points out in his lively foreword, such authors have sacrificed the needs of an adequate income to the higher need of expressing themselves realistically, although their labors are rejected again and again by editors attuned to the cash register, together with the reciprocity of a host of readers yearning for some charming escape from the hum-drum of their existence. The huge circulation of drugs throughout the United States has its counterpart in the dissemination of drivel in our chain-store novels, movies and radios. And the more tragic the actual nature of average Americans who have had to endure two world wars with a depression in between and another en route, the more do our commercial magnates pursue their degrading course. *Cross Section, 1945*, which has already won the accolade of the progressive Book Find Club, is a vigorous sign that the more important stream of creative writing has not run dry in our land.

Edwin Seaver has not run after well known names in an effort to achieve spurious popularity, but has accomplished the finer task of assembling the works of authors who are unknown, or comparatively so. Aside from Millen Brand, Norman Rosten, Gladys Schmitt, Isidor Schneider, Jesse Stuart and Richard Wright, most of the present contributors are not known to this reviewer. And Brand, Rosten, and Gladys Schmitt have embarked on ventures which indicate further development of original veins. It is good to find that Schneider can still compose moving poetry, despite his constant activity as an editor and critic, and that Rosten, in a section from a dramatic narrative, "The Big Road," promises something notable in a field to which American poets are turning now: the book-length poem. The selection from *Early Days In Chicago*, Wright's sequel to *Black Boy*, continues the conflicts of a man torn apart by the blindness and cruelty of American society.

Here we have some further poems by the most original poet of recent years, Gwendolyn Brooks; two remarkable ballads by Ephim G. Fogel; and a part of Robert E. Hayden's forthcoming *The Black Spear*, which is in the tradition of Stephen Benet's *John Brown's Body*. I get the impression that the

Eugene Larkin.

poets as a whole are more original than the prosemen. The prosemen, with a number of fine exceptions, have not shaken off the influence of Hemingway, father of the hardboiled school, nor of the type of reportorial literature which may be praiseworthy for its accuracy and precision, but which makes one conclude that the authors were standing aloof from their material in the interests of common objectivism. Such writing can be flawless without involving the reader's deepest emotions. In short, it is more of a science than an art, with impersonal methods carried so far that the author's identity is lost in anonymity.

Among the exceptions the following stories stand out: Hilde Abel's "The Bus That Had No Sign," Ken Clark's "Level Crossing," John Eisenhard's "All Change Here," Samuel Elkins' "The Ball Player," Martin Fineman's "Tell Us Everything," Constance Pultz's "Tragedy As For A King," and especially C. Hall Thompson's "The Prisoners." Each of these authors is comparatively young in years, though mature in expression, and Thompson, at twenty-two, is the youngest. Their subject matter and the handling of literary forms is novel without straining for sensational effects. And the air of tragedy and of tragicomedy and satire is infused with a feeling for character at the heart and body of the American scene. I wish there were room for a detailed analysis of every contributor, but in view of the length of the volume I have had to confine myself to a general impression. One quotation must follow: Fogel's terrific Teutonic ballad, "Shipment To Maidanek":

Arrived from scattered cities, several lands,
intact from sea land, mountain land, and plain.
Item: six surgeons, slightly mangled hands.
Item: three poets, hopelessly insane.

Item: a Russian mother and her child,
the former with five gold teeth and usable shoes,
the latter with seven dresses, peasant-styled.

Item: another hundred thousand Jews.

Item: a crippled Czech with a hand-made crutch.
Item: a Spaniard with a subversive laugh;
seventeen dozen Danes, nine gross of Dutch.

Total: precisely a million and a half.

They are sorted and marked — the method is up to you.
The books must be balanced, the disposition stated.
Take care that all accounts are neat and true.

Make sure that they are thoroughly cremated.

ALFRED KREYMBORG.

The Pieces Fit Together

I SAW THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE, *by Ella Winter. Little, Brown. $3.*

ELLA WINTER, as wartime correspondent in the Soviet Union, went looking for an answer to the question, "How did the Russians do it?" She does not claim, as do her publishers, that what she found was The Answer, but this book is certainly the richest, liveliest and warmest of its kind.

Unlike most correspondents, Miss Winter went to the USSR with deliberate modesty, open-mindedness, previous study and knowledge and an unbelievably energetic curiosity. She was not burdened with the idea of rendering a verdict. She had an eagerness to see, to hear everything possible, whether it prove a case or not, and write it all down. And Miss Winter's writing has a spontaneous, easy flow that makes one feel it as a personal letter from a friend. In place of generalization there is sharp observation of detail. One sees cars on the streets, flowers in the fields, the color of an orphan's eyes. Frequently a whimsical passage jumps out from the page: ". . . in each stall [of a collective farm] a huge, pink, shining, scrubbed

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mother sow with two curly-tailed piglets. You could have invited them into your drawing-room. . . ." And the author has a way of making the most complicated subject-matter appear simple and dramatic, by presenting real people in real conversation.

No phase of the Soviet reality is omitted. She visits ballet and circus schools, collective farms, candy factories, German prisoner camps, open markets, juvenile delinquency and divorce courts, orphan homes in Rumania, hospitals, fascist death camps. She interviews mother heroines, woman principals, guerrilla warriors, writers, little children on the street. There is, in fact, something chaotic about it all, the mood fluctuating sharply from the horror and tragedy of war to the hope and laughter of reconstruction. So many diverse details are presented that one sometimes feels Miss Winter could have been less talkative and more organized. But the idea was to see and show everything: "I tried to fit together the pieces of the jigsaw, the moving picture that was Russia. Now you saw it, now you didn't. This piece would fit in, that one was outside any picture you'd made."

Through all this variety certain *leitmotifs* persist: horror at the deeds of the Nazis, and a vow of remembrance in the form of construction, creation at top speed; acceptance of present physical discomforts with a sure belief that things will be better; and an expression of interest, even love, toward America—a deep desire for collaboration in peace as well as war.

Miss Winter approached individual Soviet citizens with respect and understanding. She names them, describes them, lets them speak for themselves. As a result one comes closer to a sense of the Soviet character: honesty, pride in work, inner strength, modesty and even self-denial, eagerness to learn, insistence upon the right to criticize, hospitality, love for the streets of their cities. . . . There *are* the Russian people in this book—and what splendor!

AARON KRAMER.

River Without Motion

THE BEST AMERICAN SHORT STORIES, 1945, *Edited by Martha Foley. Houghton Mifflin. $2.75.*

HERE are some of the short stories published in the United States during 1944. It was the year which included D-Day in Europe and the advance of allied armies toward the heart of Germany. But this historic year for Americans abroad is mainly a frame of reference for this collection of stories. Most soldiers were, of course, too busy to write fiction. One of the curious facts about this collection is its nearly complete insulation from the war. Except for stories by Irwin Shaw and Edward Fenton, the war is another world seen opaquely and serving largely to implement home-grown fears and neuroticism.

Most of the stories are reminiscent, are filled with memories, sadnesses, melancholy, as if life in the United States was standing still; as if, in fact, there was no real life in the United States. In these stories the rhythm of daily life is sluggish and stuttering: a man goes fishing with his son and remembers how he himself went fishing at this same lake twenty-five years before; an emigre American, returned to America, spends a gray haunting evening with a woman he used to know a long time ago; a former WPA writer sends a Christmas letter to a girl whom he was in love with once. Robert Penn Warren dips into the South antedating the Civil War to describe a guilty conscience tortured by an illicit love affair which has resulted in a girl slave being sold down the river.

Warren's story is good; so is Nelson Algren's folk-tale about a Polish-American family in Chicago. Irwin Shaw's "Gunner's Passage" is another talented job. But it is this persistent mood of stagnation which is disturbing. Time is too haunting. In 1944 the life and death of Americans abroad was not a dream but a fact. Day and night were real; the clock hands in motion defined present and future tasks and hopes—zero hours and two-day passes. Is Martha Foley's collection truly representative of American short story writing in the US during 1944? Was there another stream of feeling in these United States besides this sluggish waterway that seems to know it will never find the ocean?

The total effect of the stories would seem to be outside the consciousness of its editor and of the story-tellers; the book as a unit is itself a single story of a country at a standstill, hopeless with its past, unsure of its future, and rifling old calendars in a quest for certainties. They are almost all competent stories and in some cases are extremely good. But all of them together constitute the map of a mood: a mood of despair, emptiness, fear. And what is even more ominous is that the mood is rarely explosive. (Theodore Pratt's story of a

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man trying to take revenge on an owl is a relief largely because of its note of real fierceness and real death.) It would seem as if the nineteen-thirties of unemployment, depression, anti-Semitism and fascist trends had grounded out at last into this tone of stillness, this muted voice. And this faint voice is a condemnation of American life more terrible than its authors realize: an epitaph to read and weep. A repudiation is called for; not an editorial repudiation, but one in which life itself in the US will create an area in which hope can flourish.

ALFRED GOLDSMITH.

Father to the Nazi

LITTLE SUPERMAN, *by Heinrich Mann. Translated by Ernest Boyd. Creative Age Press. $2.75.*

HEINRICH MANN'S *Der Undertan*, republished in this country as *Little Superman*, is a damning analysis of the sort of mind that conceived and nourished Nazism. Written in 1911, it testifies to the author's perception and vision.

Its principal character, Diederich Hessling, is in no way an unusual specimen. He is, as someone in the novel points out, "an average man with a commonplace mind, the creature of circumstance and opportunity, without courage so long as things were going badly for him here and tremendously self-important as soon as they had turned in his favor." What makes him particularly significant is that it was precisely this combination of negative qualities which allowed his kind to triumph and, for a time at least, degrade the world.

Mann anticipated in this book not only political facts that nazism was later to illustrate, but the psychological origins of the bestialities which later characterized it. The child in German imperialist life who was father to the Nazi man is vividly portrayed by Mann. Hessling's marriage to Guste Daimchen, who has inherited a fortune and can help him attain his economic and political ambitions, is amazingly like the later Hitler Jugend marriages: Hessling approaches his bride with all the tenderness of a storm trooper. "Like a man of iron he stood before her, his order hanging on his breast; he glittered like steel. 'Before we go any further,' he said in martial tones, 'let us think of His Majesty, our gracious Emperor. We must keep before us the higher aim of doing honor to His Majesty and giving him capable soldiers.'"

Aside from Hessling, the most telling, and in a sense, profound characterizations are of a family called Buck. Herr Buck is a venerated liberal, the Mayor of Netzig, and a hero of the Revolution of 1848. His son Wolfgang, who resembles him in many respects, is, however, too cultivated to be able to convert his ideas into action. Together they represent a conscious, yet enfeebled, liberalism that realizes it is being betrayed, but still is incapable of counter measures. In a vivid scene, Herr Buck asks his son, who has given up his political aims to become an actor, "And you, my son? Acting seemed to you to be the main object?" "As it does to all my generation," Wolfgang answers. "We are not good for anything else. We should not take ourselves too seriously nowadays." And he recalls how "once, when I was acting, a chief of police wept. . . . Can you imagine that? . . . But afterwards, they pursue revolutionaries and fire on strikers." And yet he continued to act for them.

History's confirmation of Mann's vision of the imperialist German, written in 1911, is only one of the commendations the book deserves. Mann is a subtle and rewarding writer. He appreciates the complex nature of human relationships. And, perhaps even more important, he has understood the intimate connection between one's private compulsions and the society which nurtures them.

E. A. DAVIS.

British "Socialism"

AMERICA'S STAKE IN BRITAIN'S FUTURE, *by George Soule. Viking. $2.75.*

GEORGE SOULE'S latest book deals with the problems of a labor England and of the role America's policy can play in making British reconstruction possible or impossible. There is much in the book of value: it is impossible to assert, after reading the book, that our state of employment is an exclusively American affair; or to take refuge in "international causes" of depression in explaining the failure of the American "free enterprise system" of the 1920's to stay at a high level of economic activity, and to recover as fast as other nations.

The weaknesses of the Soule book lies in its overenthusiasm for the Labor program. Yet Soule is forced to admit that the program contains no clearcut plan, officially accepted, for the prevention of unemployment. The White Paper, which officially pledges to maintain a high level of employment, is inherited from the Churchill coalition dominated by Conservative ministers. It relies on interest-rate control and deferred tax credit—incentives recognized by most economists to be weak indeed —to influence the volume of private investment and thus to control employment fluctuations. It advocates government spending, especially on public works, to offset a business slump, and reduced contributions to social insurance as a means of maintaining buying power. This program was criticized by Sir William Beveridge, himself a Conservative, as too timid.

The Labor Party has officially adopted a program of nationalization of basic industries. Says Soule: "Any serious attempt to enact such measures will depend partly on political developments and partly on the obstructions which private enterprise may in fact erect in the way of the reconstruction program." No one, of course, takes the recent nationalization of the Bank of England to mean anything vital in terms of the possible future of other industries. The Bank nationalized will afford no latitude for fiscal or credit policies not possible in the past, and the property stake of the stockholders was merely converted into a claim upon the state (and ultimately on taxpayers) through conversion of their holdings into bonds. The financial world, including Wall Street, refuses to get excited over a socialism so easy on the investors.

With all the tentativeness and lack of immediate goals in the maintenance of employment, with all the evidence that British capitalists have not yet been called upon to give up any substantial part of their economic and social power, the "representatives of British labor" (uncriticized for this by Soule except for the implications in the word audacity) "have the audacity to suggest that inclusion in the Labor program for higher standards of living would be better for colonial areas in the Empire than independence, which is described as 'abandoning' the colonies to old-fashioned 'capitalist exploitation of the American sort'."

Another point at which the Social Democratic cloak gives way at the seams, revealing the old-fashioned imperialist garb beneath, is the question of the place of the Soviet Union in world economy. There is no open Soviet-baiting in the book, and the need for world-wide cooperation is mentioned. But

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Soule assumes that Soviet economy will be self-contained and will have no influence on world economic relations, and that America and Britain are the two poles of international economy.

The years of Munichism have clearly shown that any world plan drawn up without the Soviet Union almost automatically becomes a plan against the Soviet Union. On the purely economic level, Soviet resources and productivity can contribute to the raising of world living standards in the manner envisaged by the classical economists, i.e., through greater efficiency based on specialization of production. On the diplomatic level, plans for greater Soviet trade with the rest of the world will not only imply abandonment of former exclusionary techniques (tariffs, import quotas, exchange controls) used by capitalist nations from 1919 to 1939, but also will indicate an orientation towards cooperation for peace rather than anti-Soviet diplomacy tending towards war.

C. M. WINTHROP.

Booby-Trap

DYNAMITE ON OUR DOORSTEP: Puerto Rican Paradox, *by Wenzell Brown. Greenberg. $2.75.*

WENZELL BROWN claims to have spent two years as a teacher in Puerto Rico and to have made a brief recent return to the island. If that is the case his book is evidence that the "old China hand" mentality which enabled British residents in their colonies to insulate themselves against all knowledge of the life around them has its American counterpart. It is bad enough that a "teacher" should prove so invincible to knowledge; far worse is the effrontery of presenting his ignorant and prejudiced views as any kind of "information" about Puerto Rico.

I spent five years on the island and was never insulted and threatened, but Mr. Brown was menaced by a knife and a razor on his very first day. A few weeks later he says he was actually slashed; later he was stoned and a Puerto Rican intellectual threatened to flog him; he was called "American bastard," "American pig," "American son-of-beech," and claims to have witnessed demonstrations where bloodthirsty anti-American slogans were shouted. For seeing and hearing things nobody else saw and heard Mr. Brown may lay claim to belong with the great visionaries. He certainly does not belong with simple reporters of fact.

Of all Puerto Ricans Mr. Brown is

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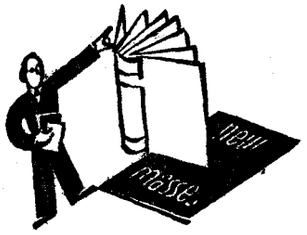

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most incensed against the Negroes. In the political lineup those groups which have Negro leadership are to him the most reprehensible. Instead of seeing the good relations between the races in Puerto Rico as something to cheer about, for him it is an item for indictment.

His analysis of Puerto Rican politics would, in itself, be sufficient to establish his ignorance. But Brown has little command even of the Spanish language, which is essential to a knowledge of Puerto Rican life; he misspells, mistranslates, misinterprets. One could cite example after example in which his ignorance matches his prejudice. But the book is not worth that much attention. The publishers have performed a public disservice in issuing it. And its appearance makes all the more necessary a book that will really give the facts about Puerto Rico.

HENRY LARIS.

Changing Education

MISSION OF THE UNIVERSITY, *by Jose Ortega y Gasset. Princeton. $2.*

FREEDOM THROUGH EDUCATION, *by John D. Redden, Ph.D., and Francis A. Ryan, Ph.D. Bruce. $2.50.*

EDUCATION AND THE PROMISE OF AMERICA, *by George S. Counts. Macmillan. $1.50.*

TEACHER IN AMERICA, *by Jacques Barzun. Little, Brown. $3.*

JUST before the war, it seemed that many of our colleges were about to follow the University of Chicago into Aristotelianism; during the war many of them have made themselves over into professional schools. Now it is clear, a full-scale revolt is under way against both of these tendencies. The Harvard Report, which I have not yet studied, bids fair to serve as principal ideologue of this revolt, but three, at least, of the books here reviewed, though themselves insufficient, can play a part in this struggle to escape the frenzy for professionalism without the morphine of Mortimer Adler.

Ortega's book, only recently translated, appeared in Spanish in 1930. Even at that time he felt it necessary to combat these two tendencies. While recognizing the need for professional training, he insisted that the primary task of the university was to impart culture, and he strenuously denied that culture is a body of eternally valid truths. It is, rather, "the *vital* system of ideas of a period," and he means every word of that. He outlines shrewdly a curriculum that could embody this; he even understands that his educational reforms will come about only as the result of the struggle of organized groups, that *political* organization must promote educational change.

The only shortcoming indeed is that —in this book, at least—Ortega remains, ostensibly, neutral as to what that vital system of ideas is. (He is not really neutral, of course; the "system of ideas" implicit in this book have not proved to be the ones by which society in our period can be vital. He himself has "lived" by fleeing from the anti-Franco struggle.)

Redden and Ryan are not the least bit neutral. As you would expect in a book published under the imprimatur of Archbishop Spellman, they present Catholic dogma as the system of ideas. There is some evidence that such a procedure is not necessarily incompatible with the production of wise conclusions, but this book displays too little regard for the truth of its factual premises to be taken seriously by any except those who cannot help themselves. For example: "Communism . . . interprets the term society to mean the proletariat." (One wishes there were laws by which one could enforce Mayor LaGuardia's dictum that there are no constitutional guarantees of the right to lie.)

Counts, too, makes a serious effort to elaborate a "system of ideas"; this is the main concern of his book. It is unfortunate for him that his systematizing power is not great, and unfortunate for the reader that he is so dull, but what is really serious is that his conception of democracy is so warped. "Education for Democracy" is his slogan (he learned *something* from the Teachers Union!), but it turns out to be the democracy of the NAM, of the Red-baiters: it is whatever you can make it so long as it excludes socialism.

Barzun is an eclectic humanist. He is as full of ideas as Times Square of lights —and they glitter, too—but perish the thought of a "system." He is not only sprightly and urbane, but level-headed and sagacious; many of his ideas are very good. Certainly he is a useful ally in the struggle against the encroachments of Hutchins and the vocationalists. He is even practical, like a suburbanite who knows taxes as well as trellises. But basically he is really the most conservative of the lot, despite his unfaltering iconoclasm, because he alone really seems to find tolerable, acceptable, the day-to-day character of the world around him.

Still, his book is entertaining, and much that he would conserve is worth

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conserving; mainly it will do good, not harm. There is little to be done about Reddin and Ryan; they will have little direct influence outside of parochial schools. And Ortega can still be read with profit.

But Counts' doctrine is dangerous and needs an answer, for, through this book, the influence of the institution in which he serves, and his influence in the American Federation of Teachers, he can gravely affect a whole generation of teachers. When Counts cries "Totalitarianism!" thousands still doff their brains and cuddle into the lap of reaction. Progressive teachers must take the offensive away from his group.

SEYMOUR A. COPSTEIN.

Union What's What

AMERICAN LABOR UNIONS: *What They Are and How They Work, by Florence Peterson. Harper. $3.*

AS DIRECTOR of the industrial relations division of the US Bureau of Labor Statistics, Florence Peterson is well qualified to prepare a book of information on labor unions in the United States, and that is what she has done in this useful volume.

If you wonder what longshoremen meant by the "shape-up" in the recent New York dock strike, or what employers mean when they talk about "feather-bedding" and "dead time," here is the answer in a glossary of labor terms. Or if you want to know what the CIO says about the organization of working men and women regardless of race, creed, color, or nationality, here it is in the full text of the constitution.

Although limited in making any editorial comment by her government position, the author manages to make clear the contrast between CIO's non-discrimination policy and that of certain AFL and railroad unions which exclude Negroes by constitutional provision. This is one of the best parts of her book. Supplement it with the special survey in Labor Research Association's new *Labor Fact Book* #7 and you have fairly complete information on Negroes in American trade unions.

Those who work with and for trade unions in this country will turn first to Miss Peterson's convenient directory of international unions, AFL, CIO, railroad brotherhoods and other independents, with their addresses and membership, and to a second list of unions in each industry. They will find no less handy the brief and clear description of the Fair Labor Standards Act, the Na-

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tional Labor Relations Act, and other legislation most directly affecting labor.

But the book contains also a sketch of the past 100 years of labor history and of the decade since the great depression. Its brief account of the Trade Union Unity League of pre-CIO days reveals an anti-left wing bias, however, which is not conspicuous in the discussion of other subjects. It includes a fairly impartial account of educational and political activities carried on today by AFL and CIO.

GRACE HUTCHINS.

They Broke Through

WE HAVE TOMORROW, *by Arna Bontemps. Houghton Mifflin. $2.*

BONTEMPS has produced in this volume a very simply written and brief narrative of the accomplishments of twelve young Negro men and women in various fields, brilliant careers achieved despite the normal American Jim Crow pattern. The subjects include E. Simms Campbell, artist, Dean Dixon, conductor, Douglas Watson, aeronautical engineer, Algernon P. Henry, radio engineer, James E. LuValle, chemist, Benjamin O. Davis, Jr., Air Force colonel, and others.

Though the book smacks at times of the Horatio Alger temper with its accompanying "getting ahead" morality, the dominant note is the contrary one of service to the nation and consequent contributions to the struggle against inequality. The book will help fill the singular void facing many Negro parents and teachers, the lack of literature to encourage their growing and aspiring youngsters. It is further recommended as relatively painless (but still instructive, reading for the increasing numbers of hitherto blissfully ignorant white people who have developed, at long last, an honest curiosity about "this Negro problem." Having read this book, they are likely to reach at least the level of questioning the still widely prevalent myth of Negro "inferiority."

HERBERT APTHEKER.

"HOME OF THE BRAVE"

A SLIGHT case of murder was perpetrated last week when all but two of the first string drama critics dismissed *Home of the Brave*, Arthur Laurents' new drama. Which again brings up the question of how the minds of our critics operate.

They will take a vaudeville act like *Harvey* and write about it as though they had still not stopped laughing, while in a kind of footnote in the fifth or sixth paragraph they will protect their "standards" by reminding the public that the play was not exactly Aristophanes. The result is a smash hit.

On the other hand, confronted with a *Home of the Brave*, they devote five paragraphs to proving it is not Aeschylus and a footnote to the fact that it is a provoking play or a very tense one, excellently directed and performed.

I do not pretend to understand the psychology involved but its effect upon the theater is devastating. For spurious but smartly-carpentered comedies and melodramas are bound to predominate on Broadway while honest plays whose material is efficiently if not profoundly handled are killed. What are we waiting for, a masterpiece? No theater in any age progressed on the basis of masterpieces. None of the smash hits now on Broadway are masterpieces; but because most of them strive for nothing they are given critical credit for achieving it handsomely.

Home of the Brave has attempted to portray the psychiatric forces involved in a young soldier shocked by an emotional war experience. It succeeds in its attempt. It is not a work to be graven in bronze but, by God, it is a tense and satisfying play, the best evening in the theater since *Glass Menagerie*.

Joseph Pevney plays Coney, the young Jewish soldier who is brought to an Army psychiatrist somewhere in the Pacific for treatment of what obviously is an hysterical paralysis of his legs. The psychiatrist administers the narcosynthesis treatment which drugs the young man's mind into a state permitting him to relive the shock-producing experience.

The scene then shifts back to the Pacific base where Coney, along with an anti-Semitic Babbitt named T.J., and Coney's closest buddy, Finch, and a durable fellow named Mingo, carry out a dangerous map-making reconnaissance job on a Japanese-held island. They complete their job in four days, but finally are spotted by Japanese. In the rising tension of the situation, T.J. continues to Jew-bait Coney, who finds in Finch, the only man whose whole love he can be sure of. And yet, when

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snipers are closing in and Finch misplaces the treasured map-case which contains the map they risked their lives to draw, Finch in helpless fright begins to utter a hateful Jew-baiting epithet. Coney is devastated, despite Finch's apologies. A moment later Finch is shot and Coney is forced to leave him lest the map case be lost to the approaching enemy.

Through the psychiatric treatment Coney is made to remember all this, and. . . . But it would be unfair to divulge how Coney lost control of his legs, and how he regained it, and how he came to realize that his deepest emotions are shared by all other soldiers, how alike in their fears and desires all men are.

The play is economical, compact, and its crucial scenes are thrilling. It is the first time that combat conditions have been made to seem real on the stage, the first time the terrible gruesomeness of jungle warfare has been brought to life in the theater. If this play is not "entertainment" then I shall never know what is.

But is it a masterpiece? No, of course not. Will it "live"? Who knows what will live? I know that it held me every line of the way, despite its flaws.

Speaking of its flaws, it is sad but true that when a reviewer holds up certain aspects of a play for adverse criticism too many readers react with total aversion to the play. And this is because the review is read, and most often written, like an advertisement. Let it be carefully noted, then, that the play is all that was said of it above. But it is also necessary to remark on the inevitable thinness that results from too clinical an approach to Coney's illness. The characters in *Home of the Brave* are engaging, but they are not memorable. They have been written in the spirit of the play—so functionally as to deprive them of a fullness which would have raised the play above its psychiatry. Too often the dialogue slides into the kind of Army jive talk which is still funny but unfortunately obvious.

Where the play falls short, in sum, is pretty much where psychiatry falls short when it is viewed as an enclosed system of wisdom. For instead of personal observation which includes the seeming illogical vagaries of human character, Laurents has often relied upon psychiatric cues. His method has yielded a tight and systematically logical play, but a narrowed one.

The cast is right; the playing simple and direct; the players deserve the four curtain calls their audiences give them. Michael Gordon's direction was expert.

REGARDING the revival of Shaw's *Pygmalion*, the most important fact to record is that it marks the first production of Theater Incorporated, a new repertory company composed of stars like Raymond Massey, Gertrude Lawrence, Cedric Hardwicke, Melville Cooper and Cecil Humphreys. This *Pygmalion* is smooth, highly literate, as it must be—and strangely unsatisfying. Partly due to the mixture of accents, all purporting to be Buckingham English, its credibility is diminished; while now and again a certain disconnection between actors gives them an air of being above it all. However, it remains a superior production in comparison with the usual run. MATT WAYNE.

Folk Singer

PERFORMING before a capacity audience at Town Hall last Saturday evening, Richard Dyer-Bennett proved once again that he has few peers in the art of ballad and folk-song. In excellent voice, he pleased me particularly by his moving and sensitive rendition of "The Three Sisters of Binnorie" and by his magnificent finale, "Brennan on the Moor." I have yet to see an audience that does not insist on putting Dyer-Bennett through a complete repertoire of encores, and this evening was no exception. It is a tribute to his growing popularity and aristry that he was called back a full half-dozen times to sing requests shouted by an eager audience. A. A.

Worth Noting

THE CIO Chorus, assisted by guest artists, is giving an evening of folk and peoples' songs for the benefit of the GM strikers. It will be held Friday, January 11 at the Furriers Joint Council auditorium at 250 W. 26 St., N. Y.

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